The Psalmes of Dauid in English meter with Notes of foure partes set unto them by Gulielmo Damon for John Bull, to the use of Christians for recreating themselues instede of fond and unseemely Ballades.

Printed by John Day. London. MDLXXIX.

[Compiled by William Damon.] Tenor.

7386

C.18.f.37

The whole Booke of Psalmes, collected
into English metre. By T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins
and others. Conferred with the Ebrue;
with apt notes to Sing them Withal &c.a

Printed in London by John Day
1562

Come holy ghost eternal god, proceding from aboue,

both from the father & the son, the god of peace & loue

visit our minds and into vs, thy heauenly grace inspire, that in all truth

and godlines, we may haue true desire.

Come holy ghost eternal god, proceeding from aboue,

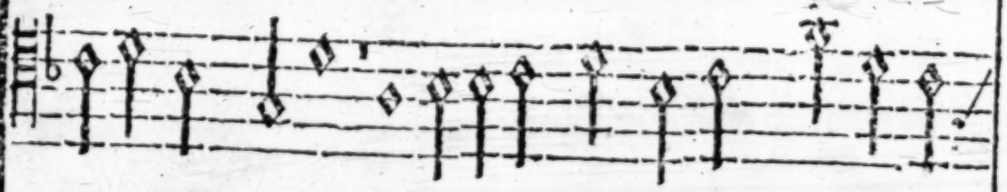
both from the father & the son, the god of peace & loue

visit our minds and into vs, thy heauenly grace inspire, that in all truth

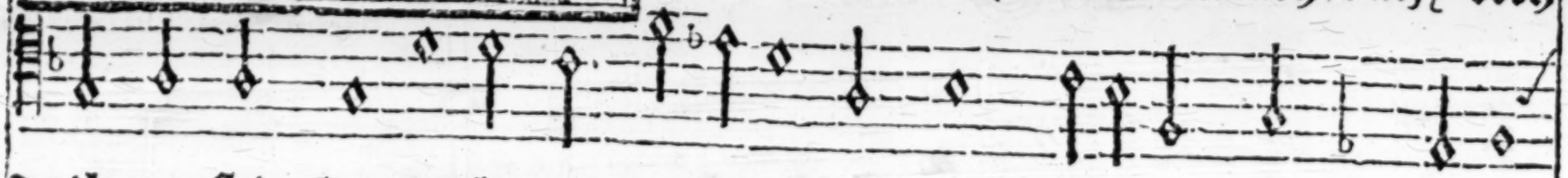
and godlines, we may haue true desire.

Come and let vs now reioyce, & ſing vnto ỳ lord and to our only ſauior, alſo w̃ one accord, O let vs come befoze his face, with inward reuerence, confeſſing all our fozmer ſins, and that with diligence.

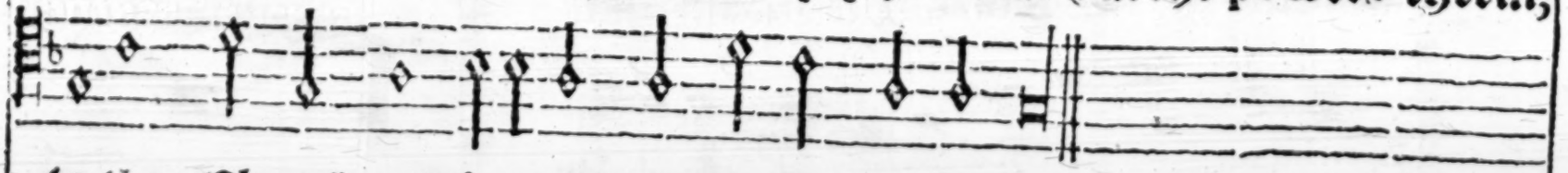
WE praise thee god we knowledge thee, the



only lord to be, & as eternal father al, ẏ erth



doth worship thee, to thee al angels cry, ẏ heauens & al the powers therin,



to thee Cherub and seraphin, to cry they do not lin.

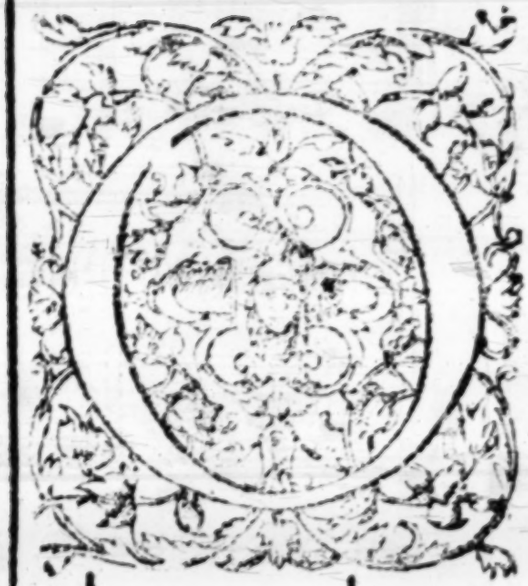
We

E praise thee god, we knowledge thee, the onlye

lord to be, & as eternal father al, the earth doth wor

ship thee, to thee al angels cry, ỹ heauens & al the powers therin, to thee Che

rub and Seraphin, to cry they do not lin.



All ye workes of god the lord, bleſſe ye the lord,

praiſe him & magnify him for euer, O ye the angels

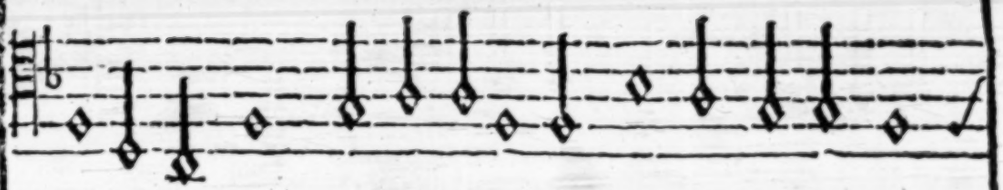
of the lord, bleſſe ye the lord, praiſe him and magnify him for euer.

All ye wozkes of god the lozd, bleſſe ye the lozd

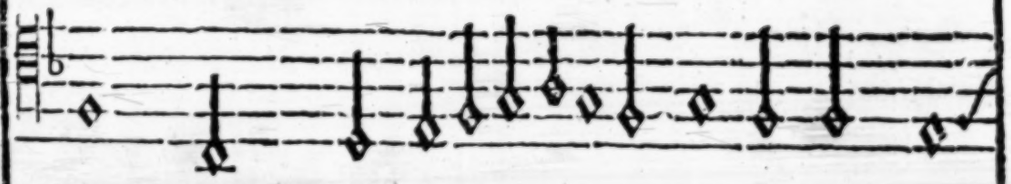
praiſe him & magnify him foz euer, O ye the angels

of the lozd, bleſſe ye the lozd, praiſe him and magnify him foz euer.

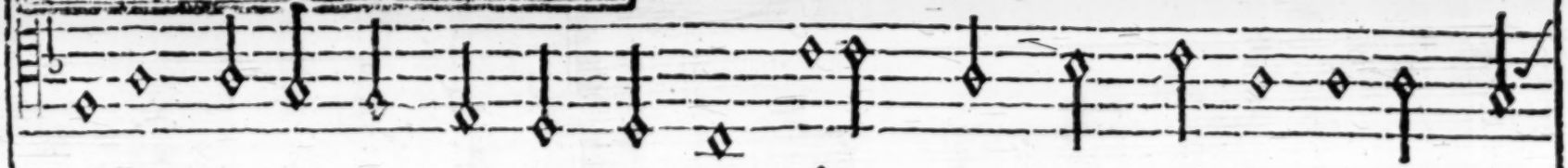
10 *Tenor Benedictus N.Southerton*



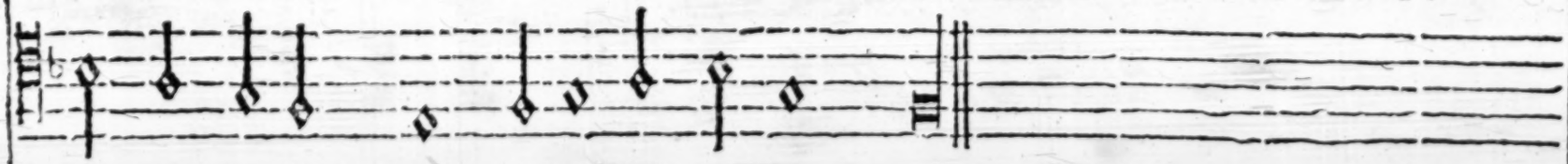
He only lord of Israel, be praised euermore,



for through his visitatiõ, & mercy kept in



store, his people now he hath redemd, ỹ long hath bene in thral, & spred a-



broad his sauing helth vpon his seruaunts al.

The

Ye onely lord of Israell, be praised euermore, for

through his visitatiõ, & mercy kept in store, his peo

ple now he hath redemde, that long hath ben in thral, & spread abroad his

sauing helth, vpon his seruants all.

Hat man ſoeuer he be that, ſaluatiõ wil attain, the catho

like belief he muſt, before all things retain, which fayth

vnleſſe he holy kepe, and vndefiledly, without al dout eternally, he ſhall

be ſure to dye.

What

Hat man ſoeuer he be that, ſaluation wil attain, the catholike belief he muſt, before al things retaine, which faith vnleſſe he holy kepe, and vndefiledly without al dout eternally he ſhalbe ſure to dye.

Hat man ſoeuer he be that, ſaluation wil attain, the

catholike belief he muſt, before al things retaine,

which faith vnleſſe he holy kepe, and vndefiledly, without al dout eternally

he ſhalbe ſure to dye.

What

Lord of whõ I do depẽd, behold my careful hart

and when thy will & pleaſure is, releaſe me of my

ſmart, ỹ ſeeſt my ſorowes what they are, my grief is known to thee, & there

is none that can remoue, or take the ſame from me.

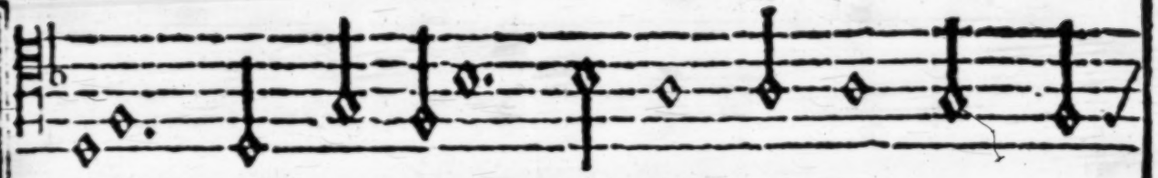
Lord of whō I do depēd, behold my careful hart and when thy will & pleasure is, release me of my smart, ỹ seest my sorowes what they are, my grief is known to thee, & there is none that can remoue, or take the same from me.

Lord turn not away thy face, from him that lieth

proſtrate, lamēting ſore his ſinful life, before thy mer

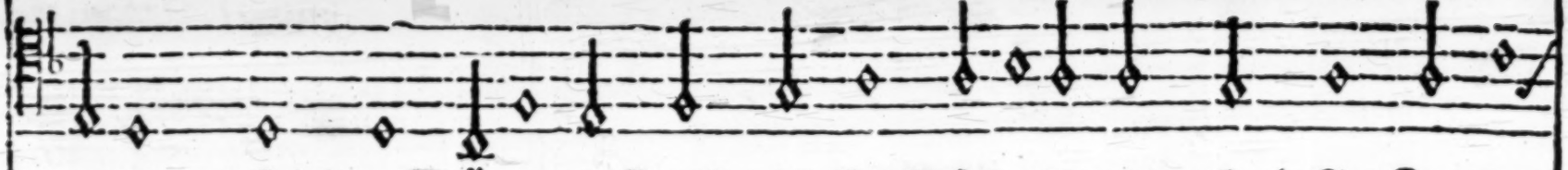
cy gate, which gate thou openeſt wide to thoſe, ẏ do lament their ſin, ſhut

not that gate againſt me lord, but let me enter in.

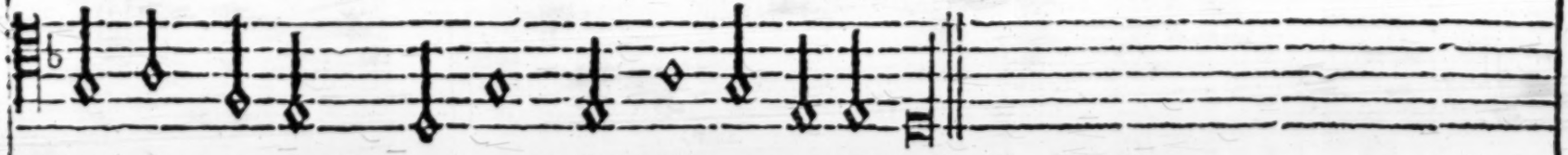


Lord turn not away thy face, frō hym that lieth

prostrate, lamēting sore his siful life, before thy mer-



cy gate, which gate ÿ openest wide to those, ý do lament their sin, shut not



that gate against me lord, but let me enter in.

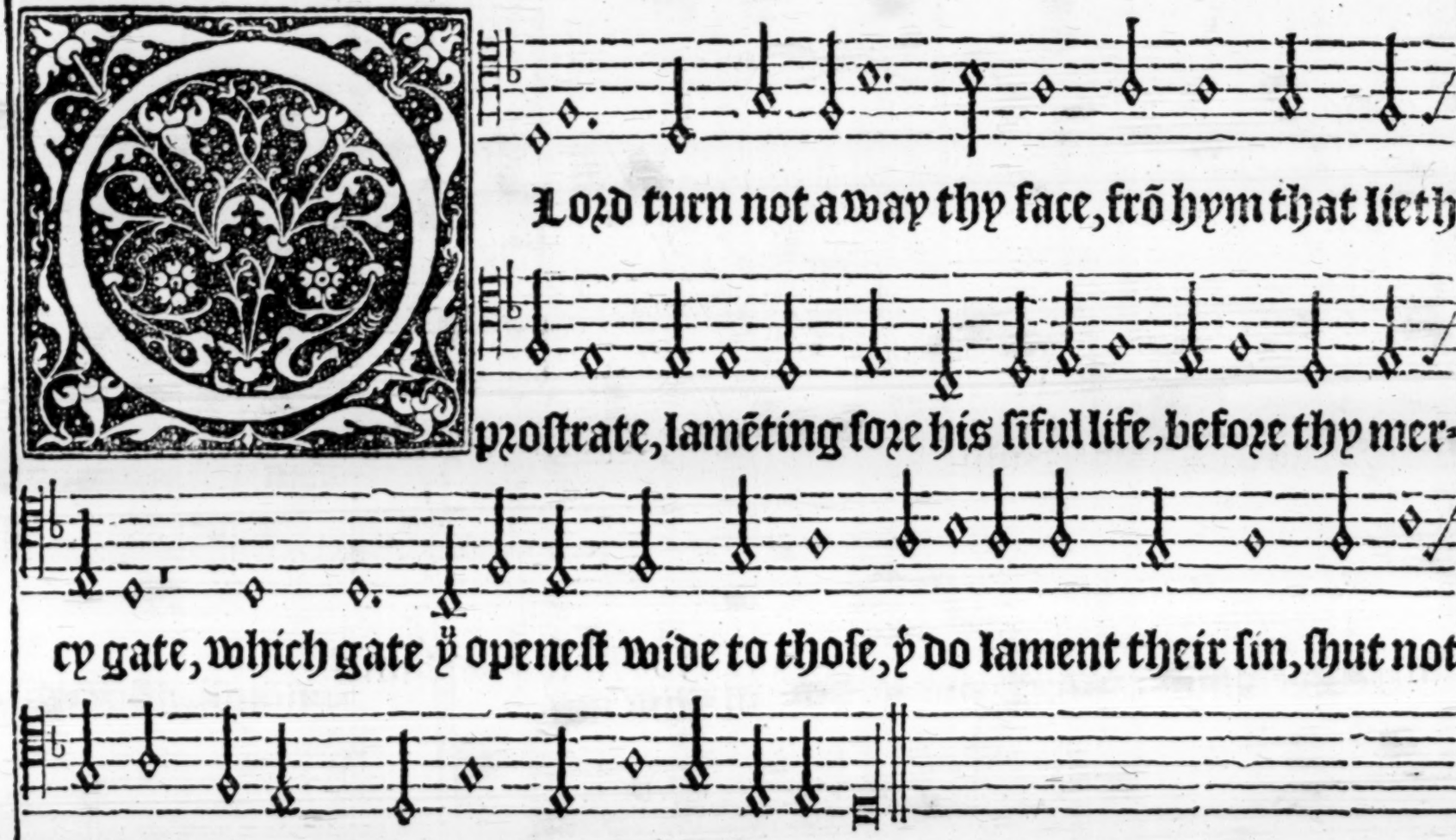
My

Lord turn not away thy face, from him that lieth

prostrate, lamẽting sore his sinful life, before thy mer

cy gate, which gate thou openest wide to those, ẏ do lament their sin, shut

not that gate against me lord, but let me enter in.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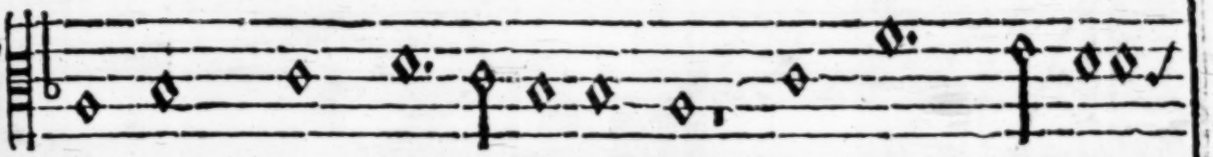
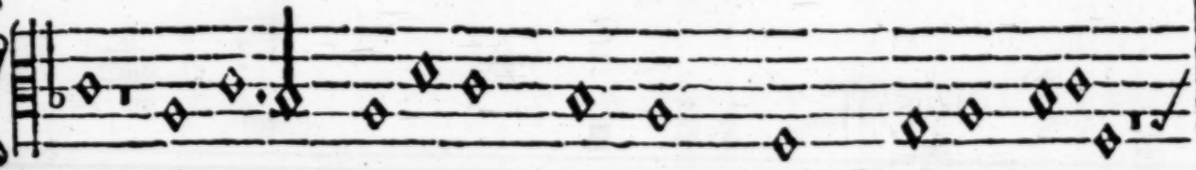
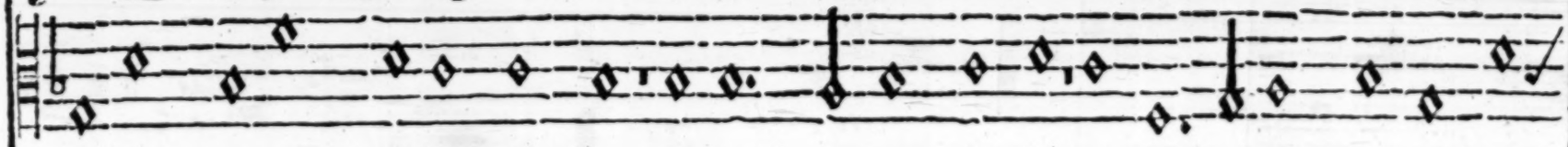


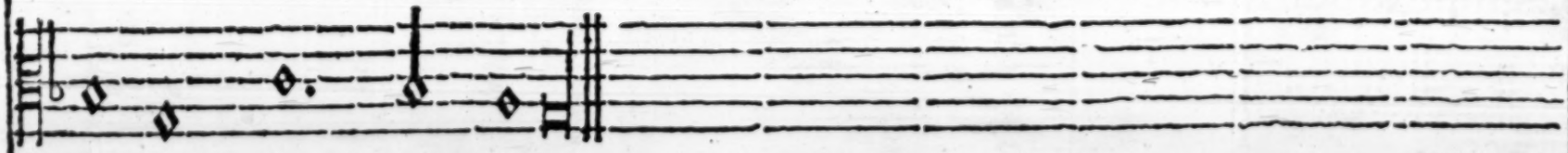
My ſoule doth magnify the lord, my ſpirite eke euer-



more, reioiceth in ỹ lord my god, which is my ſauior,



and why bicauſe he did regard, & gaue reſpect vnto, ſo baſe eſtate of his hād



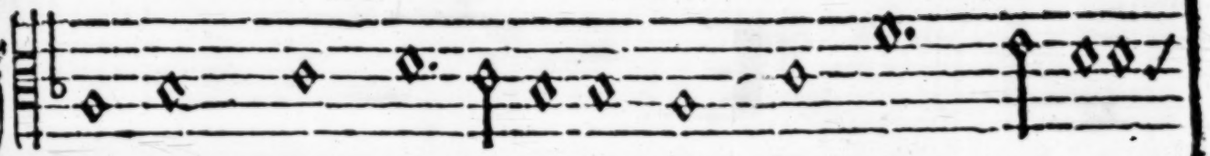
maid, and let the mighty go.

My ſoule doth magnify the lord, my ſpirite eke

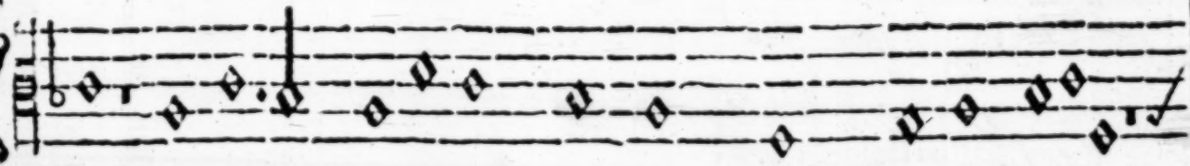
euermore, reioiceth in ỹ lord my god, which

is my ſauior, & why becauſe he did regard, & gaue reſpect vnto, ſo baſe e-

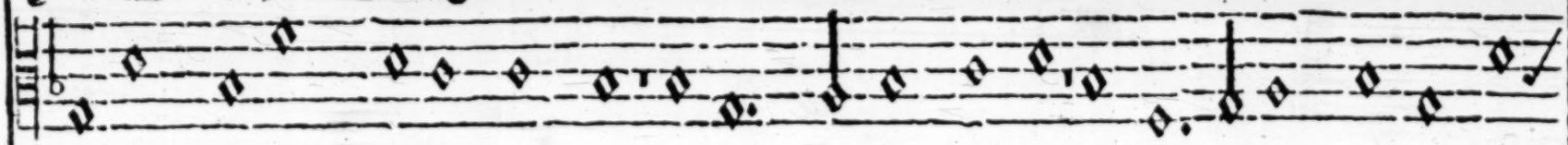
ſtate of his handmaid, and let the mighty go.



My ſoule doth magnify the lord, my ſpirite eke euer-



more, reioiceth in ỹ lord my god, which is my ſauior,



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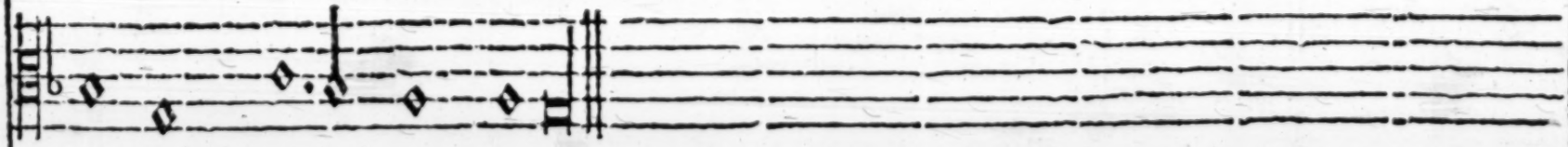


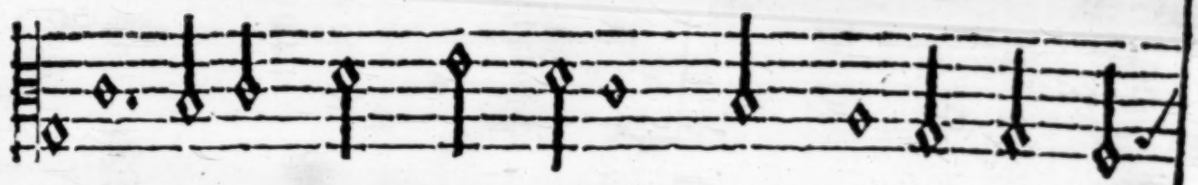
maid, and let the mighty go.

Lord bicause my harts desire, hath wished lõg

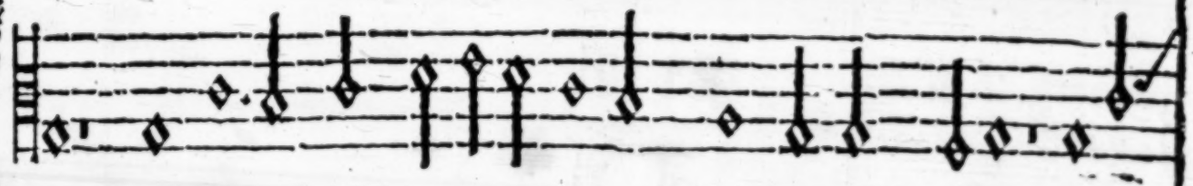
to see, my only lord & sauior, thy son before I die

the ioy & health of al mankind, desired long before, which now is com in-

to the world, of mercy bringing store.



Lord bicause my harts delire, hath wished long to



see, my only lord & sauior, thy son before I die, ỹ ioy

and health of al mankind, desired long before, which now is come into the

world, of mercy bringing store.

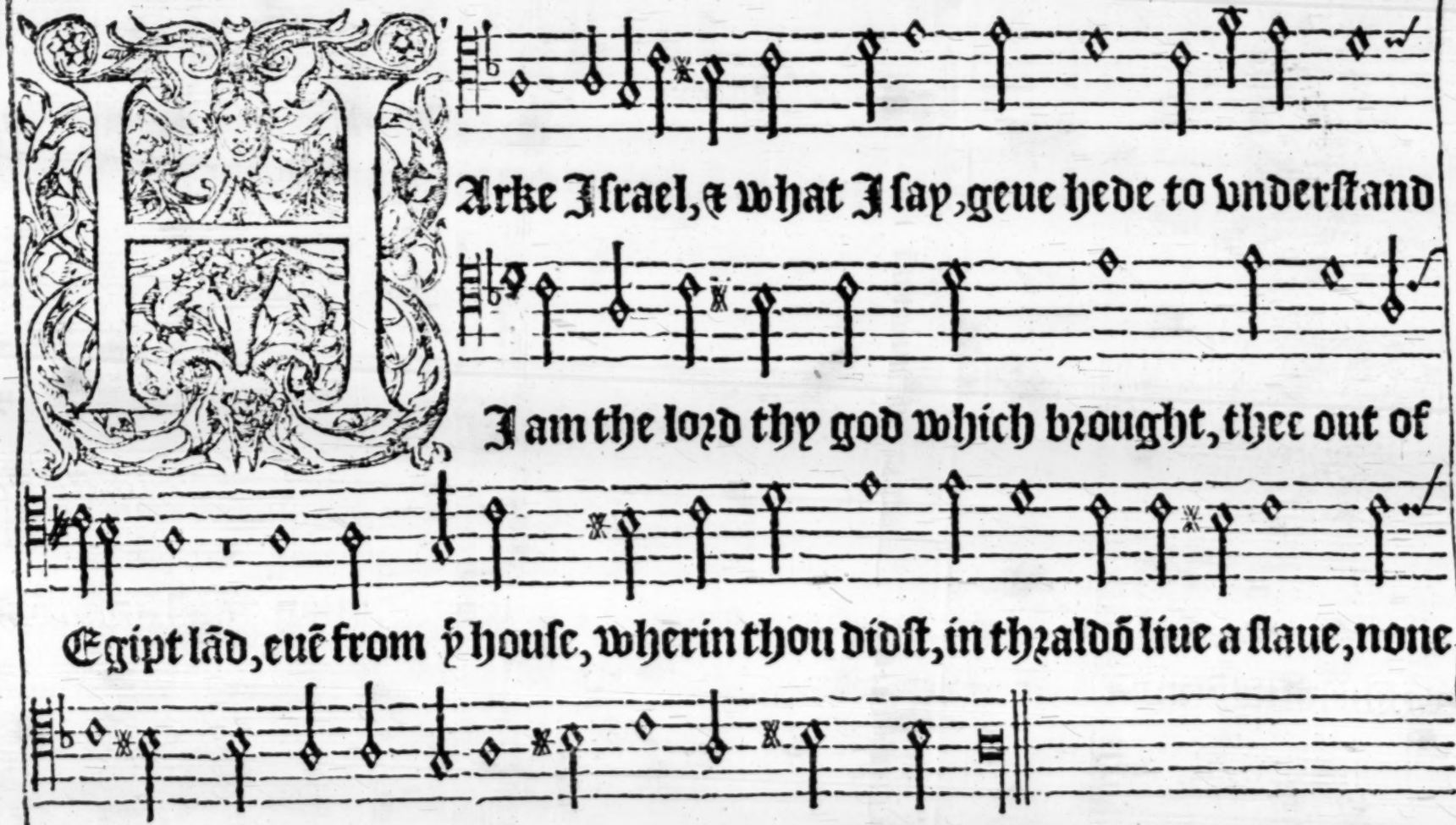
Ur father which in heauē art, loꝛd halowed be thy name, thy

kingdom come, thy wil be done, in erth euen as the ſame in heauen is, geue vs O loꝛd

our daily bꝛead this day, as we foꝛgeue our detters ſo, foꝛgeue our dets we pꝛay, into

temptation lead vs not from euil make vs free, foꝛ kingdom power & glozy thine, both now & euer be.

Harke


Harke Israel, & what I say, geue hede to vnderstand
I am the lord thy god which brought, thee out of
Egipt lād, euē from ỳ house, wherin thou didst, in thyraldō liue a slaue, none
other gods at all before, my presence shalt thou haue.

Arke Israel, & what I say, geue hede to vnderstand

I am the lord thy god which brought, thee out of

Egipt land, euē from ỹ house, wherin thou didst, in thyraldō liue a slaue, none

other gods at all before, my presence shalt thou haue.

Where

Here righteouſneſſe doth ſay, lord for my ſinful part

in wrath yͤ ſhouldſt me pay, vẽgeaunce for my de-

ſert, I can it not deny, but nedes I muſt confeſſe, how that continually, thy

lawes I do tranſgreſſe, thy lawes I do tranſgreſſe.

Here righteouſneſſe doth ſay, lord for my ſinful part

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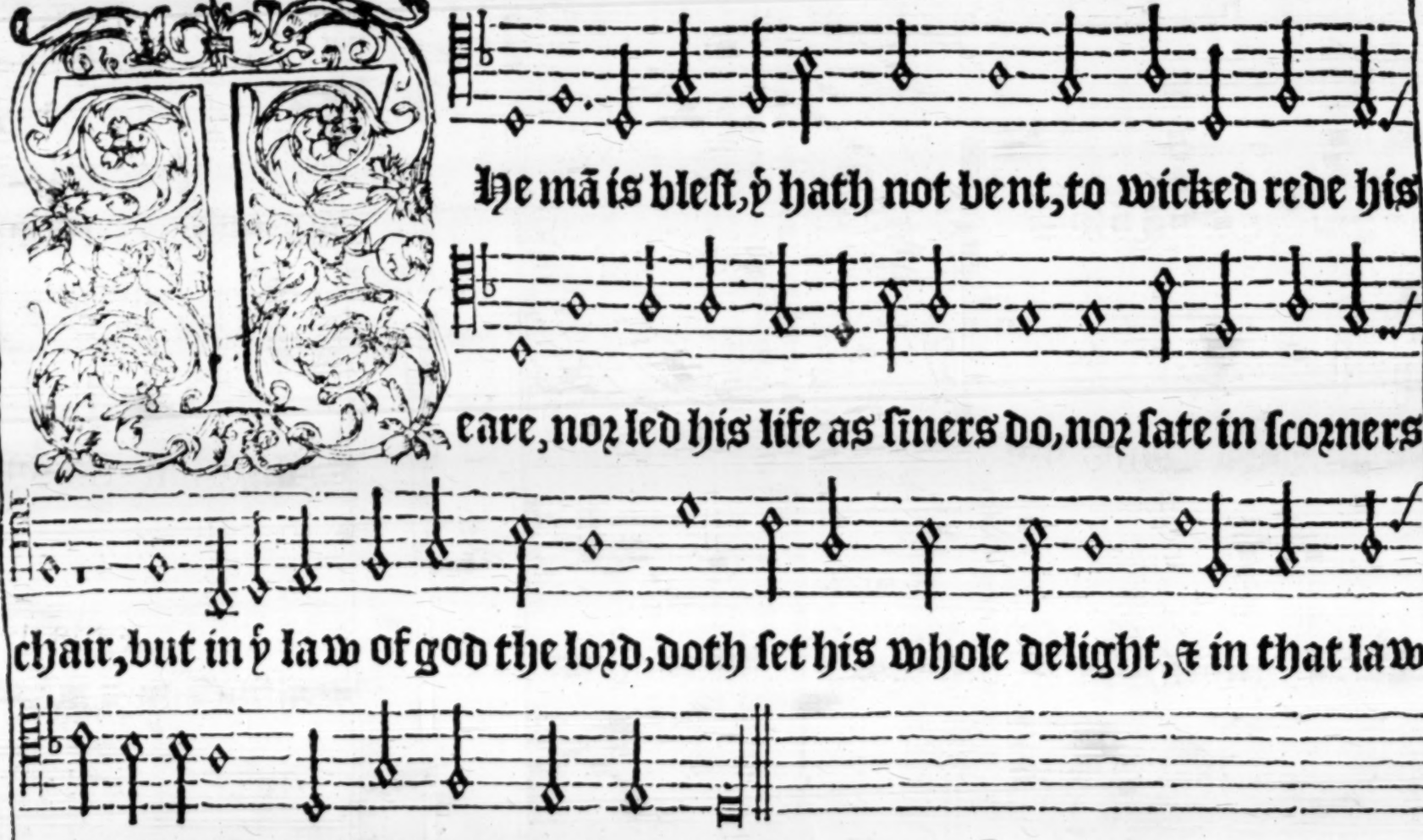
The

Ye mā is bleſt, ẏ hath not bent, to wicked rede his

eare, nor led his life as ſiners do, nor ſate in ſcorners

chair, but in ẏ law of god the lord, doth ſet his whole delight, & in that law

doth exerciſe, himſelf both day and night.


He mã is blest, ẏ hath not bent, to wicked rede his
eare, nor led his life as siners do, nor sate in scorners
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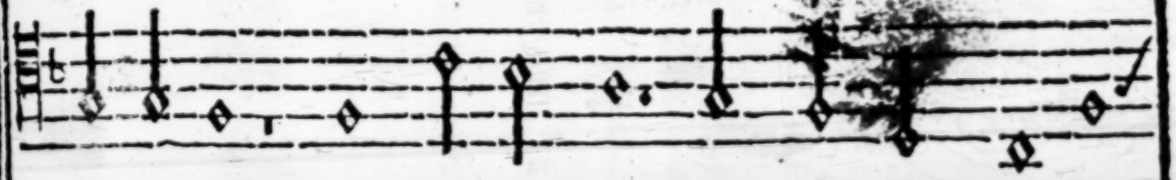
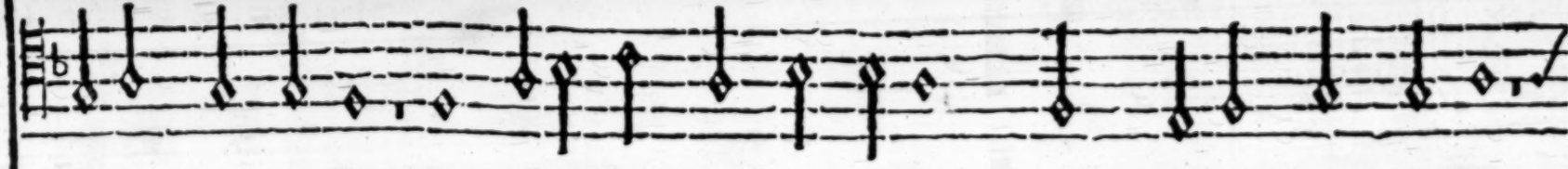
D Lord

Lord how are my foes increaſt, which vexe me

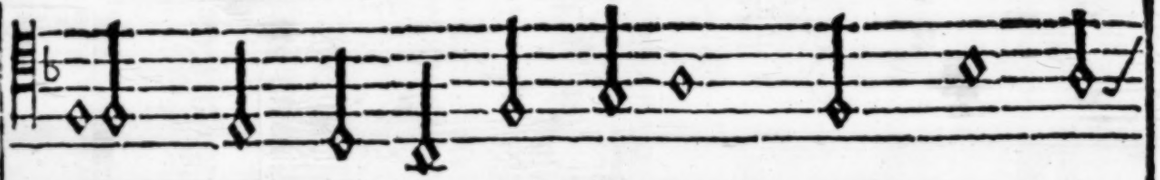


moze & moze, they kil my hart, whē as they ſay, god



can him not reſtoze, but ỹ D lord art my defence, when I am hard beſtead,

my woꝛſhip & mine honour both, and thou holdſt vp my head.



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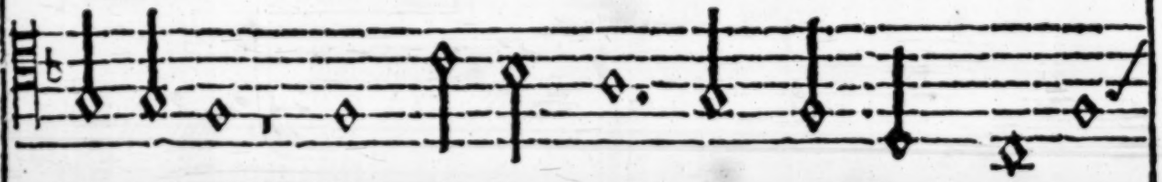

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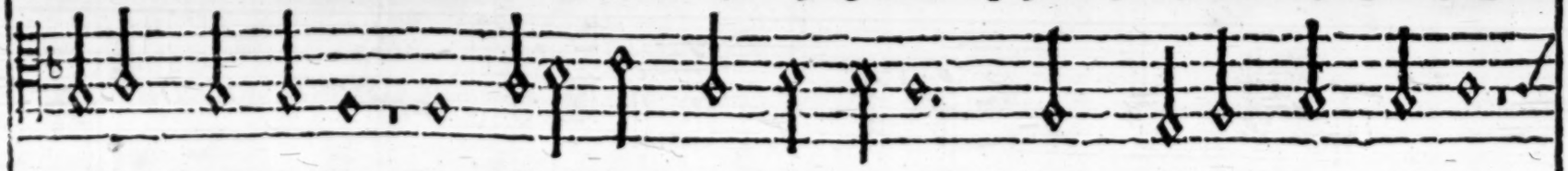
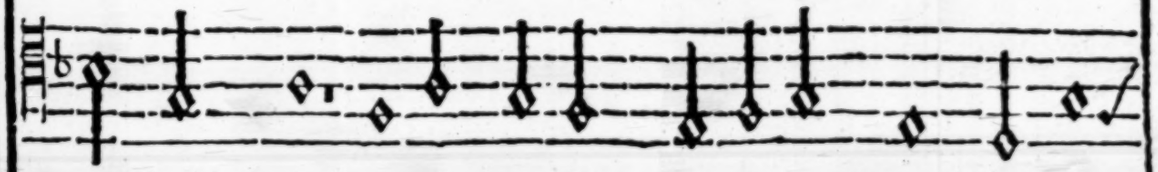


can him not reſtoze, but ỹ O lord art my defence, when I am hard beſtead,

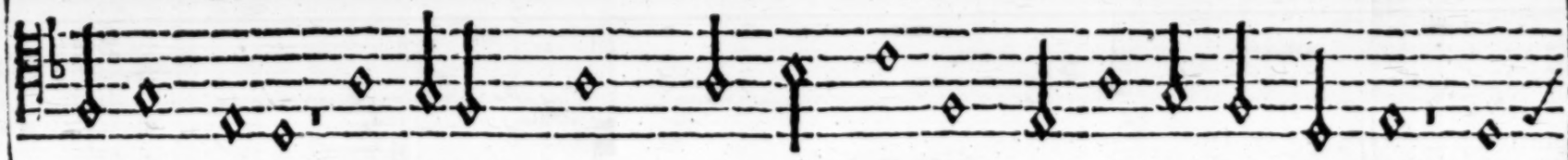
my woꝛſhip & mine honour both, and thou holdſt vp my head.

Lorde

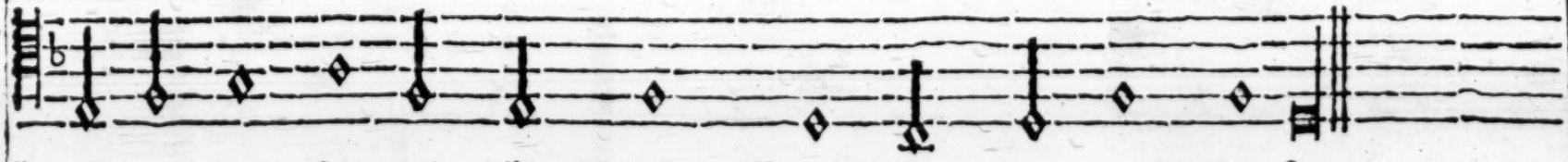
O Lord in thy wrath, reproue me not, though I de-



ſerue thine ire, ne yet correct me in thy rage, O lord



I thee deſire, for I am weake therfore O lord, of mercy me forbeare, and



heale me lord, for why thou knoweſt, my bones do quake for feare.

There is no god as foliſh men, affirme in their

mad mode, their drifts are al corrupt & vain,

not one of thē doth good, ẏ lord beheld frō heauē hie, the whole race of mā-

kind, and ſaw not one that ſought in dede, the liuing god to find.

There

There is no god as foliſhe men, affirme in their mad

mode, their dꝛifts are al coꝛrupt & vain, not one of

them doth good, the loꝛd beheld from heauen hie, ỹ whole race of mankind

and ſaw not one that ſought in dede, the liuing god to find.

God my ſtrength & foꝛtitude, of foꝛce I muſt loue

the, thou art my caſtle & defēce, in mine neceſſitie, my

god, my rocke, in whom I truſt, ỹ woꝛker of my welth, my refuge, buckler,

and my ſhield, the hoꝛne of al my helth.

D

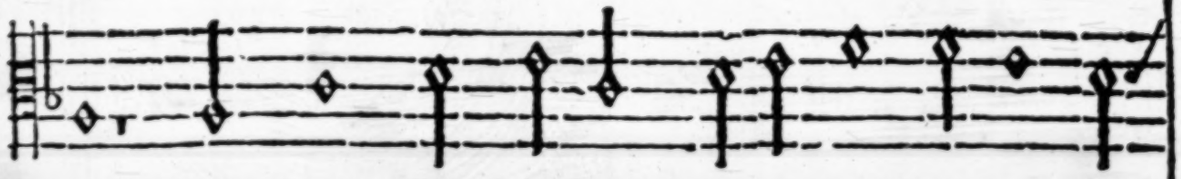
God my strēgth & fortitude, of force I must loue

thee, ỹ art my castle & defēce, in mine necessitie, my

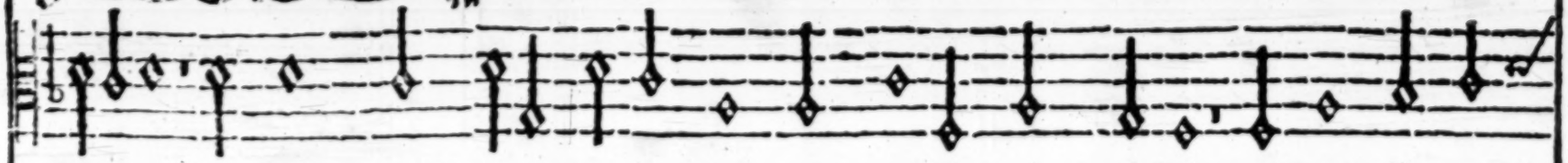
god my rock, in whom I trust, ỹ worker of my welth, my refuge, buckler &

my shield, the horne of al my health.

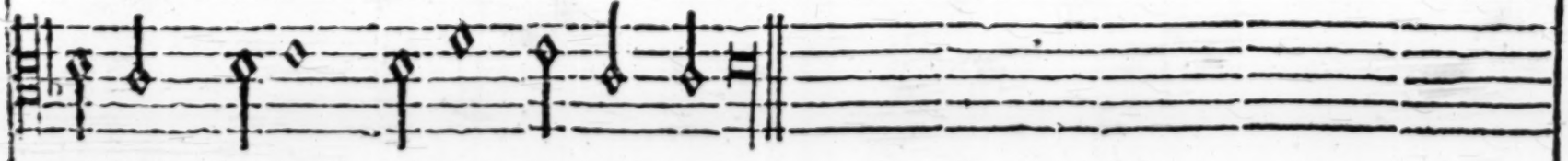
Lord how ioyful is ẏ king, in thy ſtrength and thy



power, how vehemently doth he reioice, in thee his



ſauior, for thou haſt geuē vnto him, his godly harts deſire, to him nothing



haſt thou denied, of that he did require.

God my god wherfore doſt ÿ, forſake me vtterly,

and helpeſt not whē I do make, my great cōplaint

and cry, to thee my god euen al day long, I do both cry and cal, I ceaſe not

all the nights and yet, thou heareſt not at all.

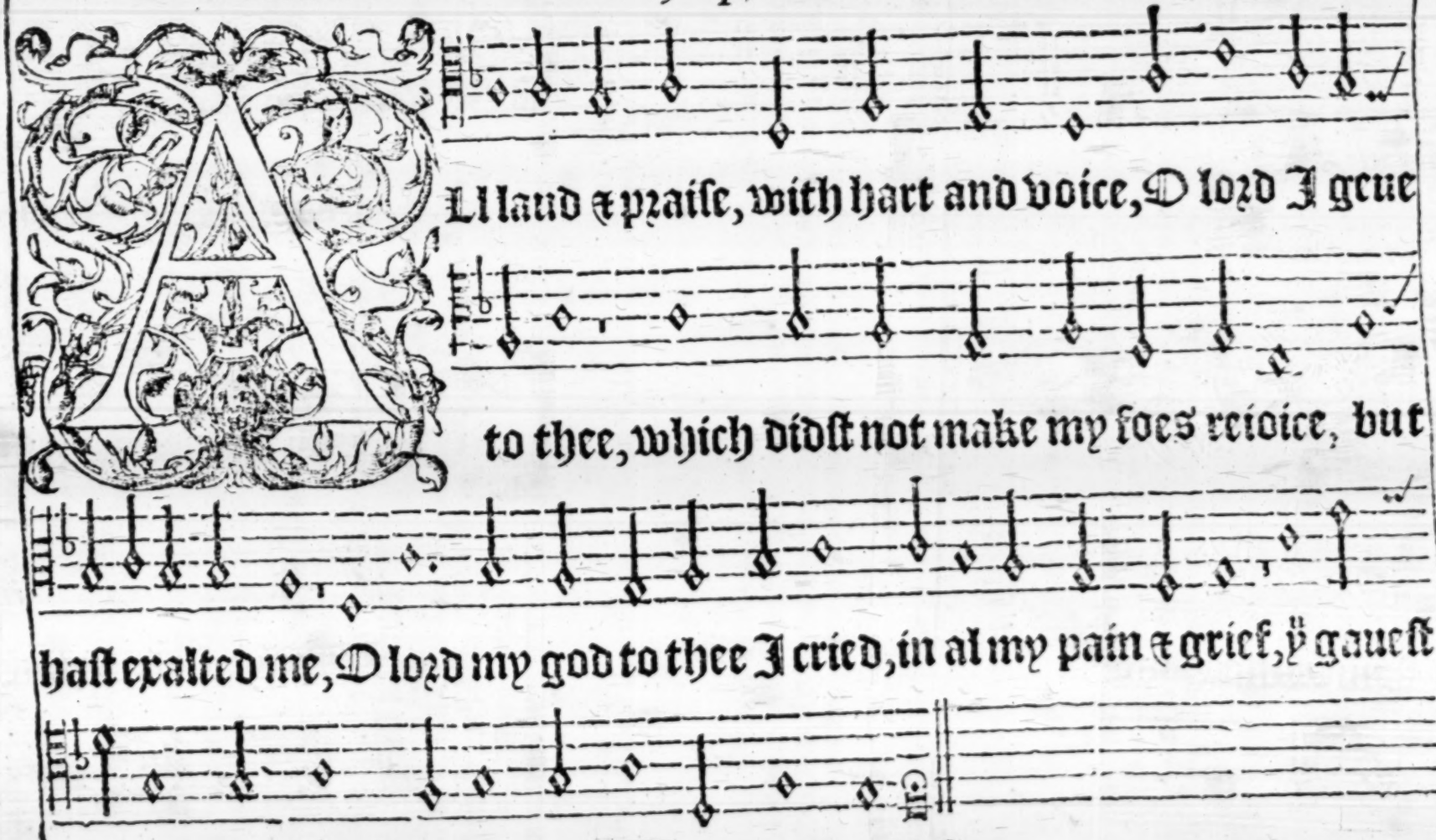
Liſt mine hart, to thee my god & guide moſt iuſt,

now ſuffer me to take no ſhame, for in the do I truſt,

let not my foes reioyce, nor make a ſcorn of me, & let thē not be ouerthrown

that put their truſt in thee.

All


All laud & prayſe, with hart and voice, O lord I geue
to thee, which didſt not make my foes reioice, but
haſt exalted me, O lord my god to thee I cried, in al my pain & griefe, yͤ gaueſt
an eare and didſt prouide, to eaſe me with reliefe.

All laud & praise, with hart and voice, O lord I geue

to thee, which didst not make my foes reioice, but

hast exalted me, O lord my god to thee I cried, in al my pain & griefe ȳ gauest

an eare and didst prouide, to ease me with relefe.

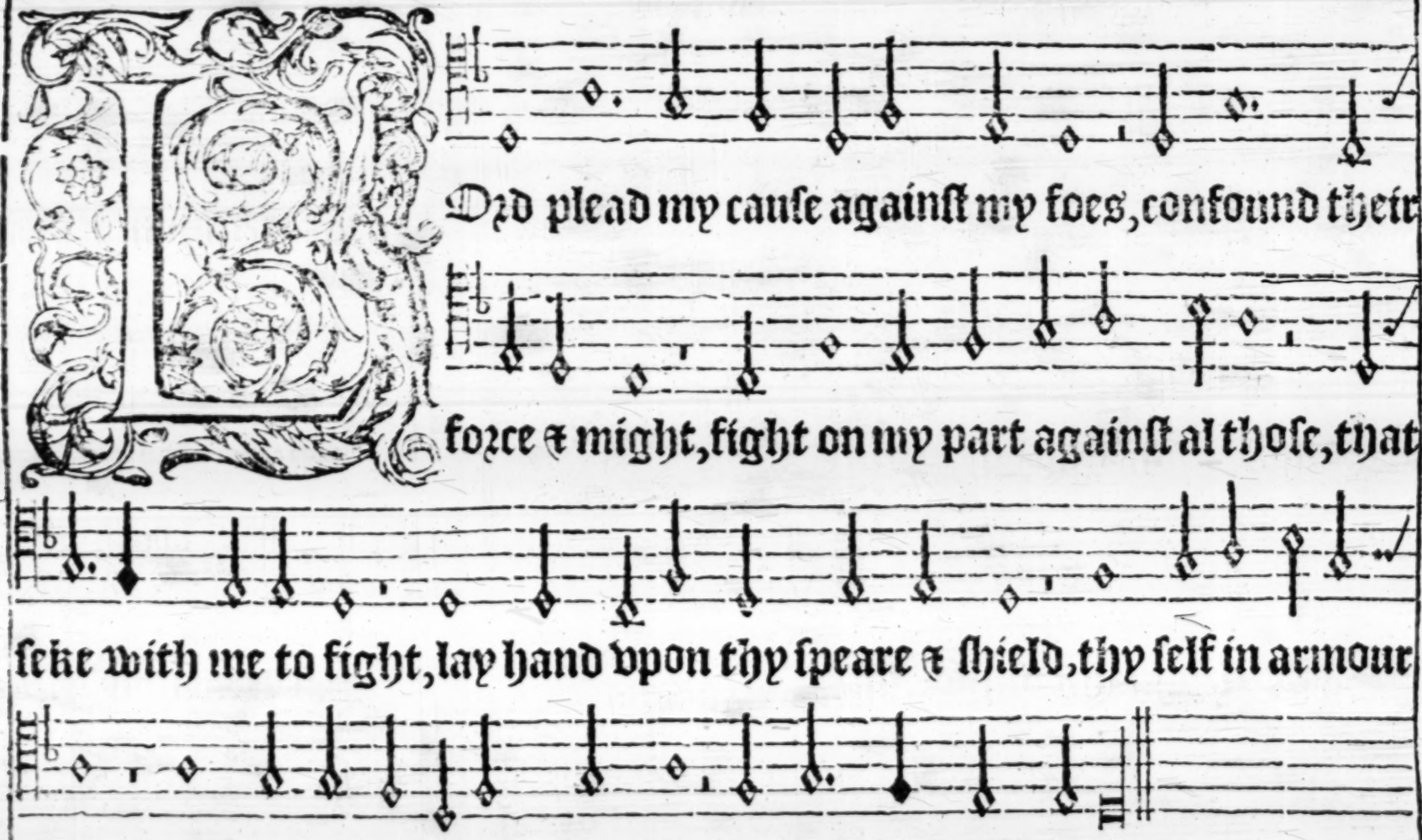
Lord

Lord plead my cauſe againſt my foes, confound their

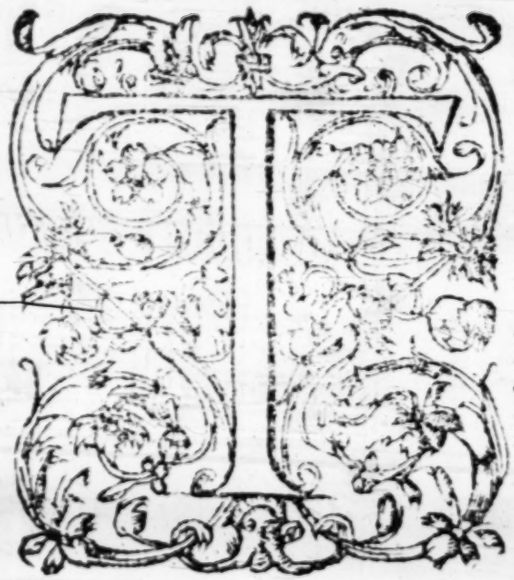
force & might, fight on my part againſt al thoſe, that

ſeke with me to fight, lay hand vpon thy ſpeare & ſhield, thy ſelf in armour

dreſſe, ſtand vp for me & fight the field, to help me from diſtreſſe.


LOrd plead my cause against my foes, confound their
force & might, fight on my part against al those, that
seke with me to fight, lay hand vpon thy speare & shield, thy self in armour
dresse, stand vp for me & fight the field, to help me from distresse.

The



The man is bleſt, ý careful is, ý nedy to cõſider, for

in the ſeaſõ perilous, ý lord wil him deliuer, ý lord

wil make him ſafe and ſound, & happy in the land, & he wil not deliuer him

into his enemies hand.

He man is bleſt, ỹ careful is, ỹ nedy to cõſider, for

in the ſeaſõ perilous, ỹ lord wil him deliuer, ỹ lord

wil make him ſafe and ſound, & happy in the land, & he wil not deliuer him

into his enemies hand.

Like as the hart doth breath and bray, the wel-

ſprings to obtayn, ſo doth my ſoule deſire alwaies

with ỹ lord to remain, my ſoule doth thirſt & wuld draw nere, the liuing god

of might, O whē ſhal I come & appeare, in preſence of his ſight.

Udge & reuenge my cauſe O lord, from them ẏ euill

be, frõ wicked & deceitfull men, O lord deliuer me,

for of my ſtrength ẏ art the god, why putſt thou me the fro, & why walke

I ſo heauily, oppreſſed with my foe.

Dur

Ur eares haue heard our fathers tel, & reuerẽtly re

coꝛd, ẏ wõdꝛous woꝛks ẏ thou haſt done, in all their

O loꝛd, how thou didſt caſt ẏ gẽtils out, & ſtroidſt them ẇ ſtrong hãd, plan

ting our fathers in their place, & gaueſt to them their land.

Ur eares haue heard our fathers tel, & reuerently

record, ỹ wõderous works ỹ thou hast done, in all

their time O lord, how ỹ didst cast the gentiles out, & stroidst them w̃ strong

hand, planting our fathers in their place, & gauest to them their land.

Our

Ur eares haue heard our fathers tel, & reuerently re-

cord, ỹ wondrous works ỹ thou hast done, in al their

time O lord, how ỹ didst cast the gentils out, & stroidst them wᵭ strong hand

planting our fathers in their place, & gauest to them their land.

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Our

Ur eares haue heard our fathers tel, & reuerently re-

cord, ỹ wondrous works ỹ thou hast done, in al their

time O lord, how ỹ didst cast the gentils out, & stroidst them w̃ strong hand

planting our fathers in their place, & gauest to them their land.

The lord is our defence & ayd, & ſtrēgth wherby we

ſtand, when we w̄ wo are much diſmaid, he is our

help at hand, though therth remoue, we wil not feare, though hils ſo high

and ſtepe, be thruſt & hurled here and there, w̄in the ſea ſo depe.

The

The lord is our defence & ayd, the strength wherby

we stād, when we v̄ wo are much dismaid, he is

our help at hand: though therth remoue we wil not feare, though hils so

hie & stepe, be thrust and hurled here and there, v̄in the sea so depe.

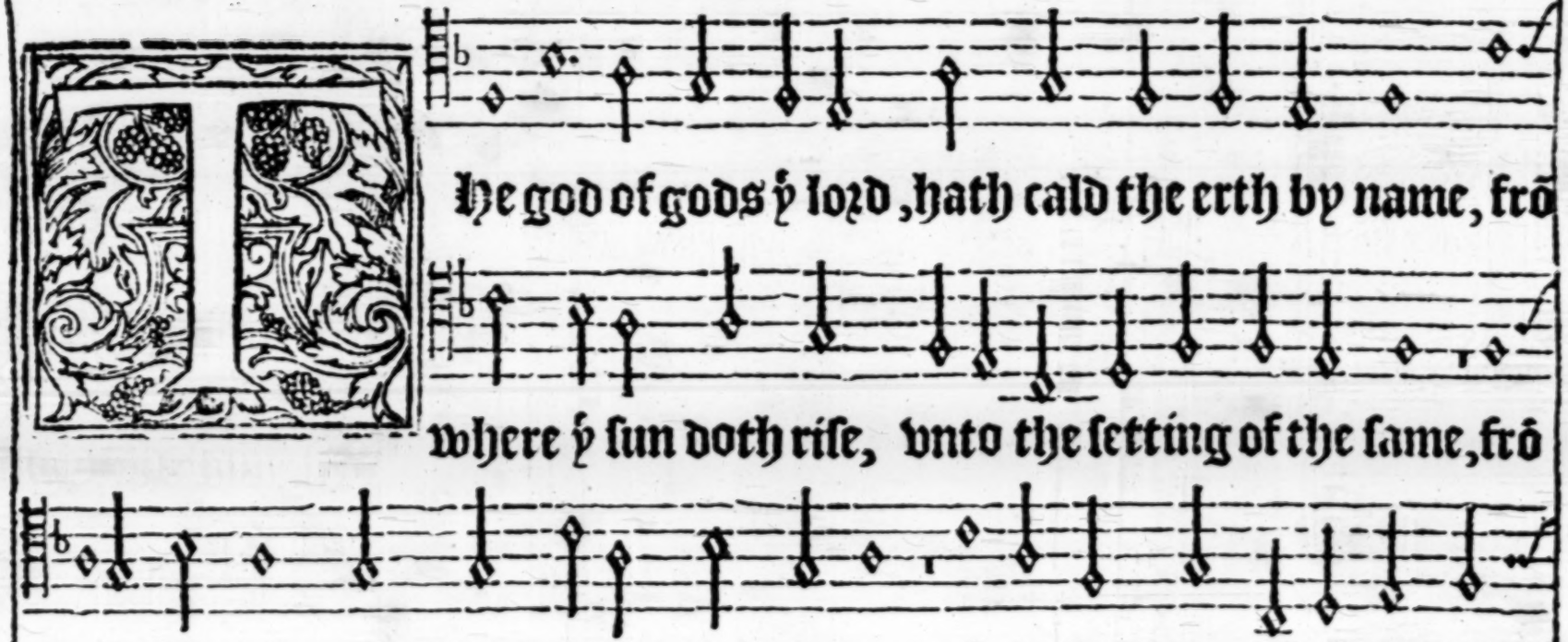
All people hearken & geue care, to ỳ that I ſhall tell,

both hie & low, both riche & pooze, that in the woꝛld

doth dwel, foꝛ why my mouth ſhal make diſcourſe, of many thinges right-

wiſe, in vnderſtanding ſhal my hart, his ſtudy exerciſe.

The


THe god of gods ẏ lord, hath cald the erth by name, frō
where ẏ ſun doth riſe, vnto the ſetting of the ſame, frō
Sion his faire place, his glory bright & cleare, ẏ perfect beauty of his grace,
from thence it did appeare.

The god of gods ỹ lord, hath cald the erth by name, frō

where ỹ sun doth rise, vnto the setting of the same, frō

Sion his fatre place, his glory bright & cleare, ỹ perfect beauty of his grace,

from thence it did appeare.

D

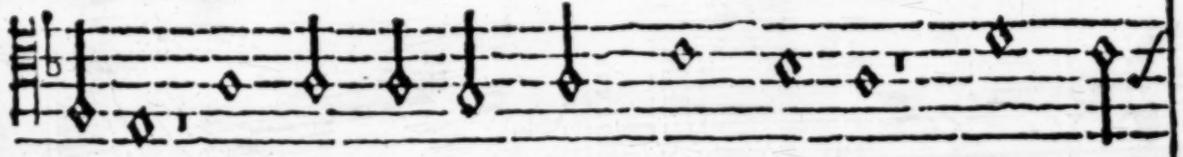
Lord conſider my diſtreſſe, and now wo ſpede ſom

pity take, my ſins deface my faults redreſſe, good

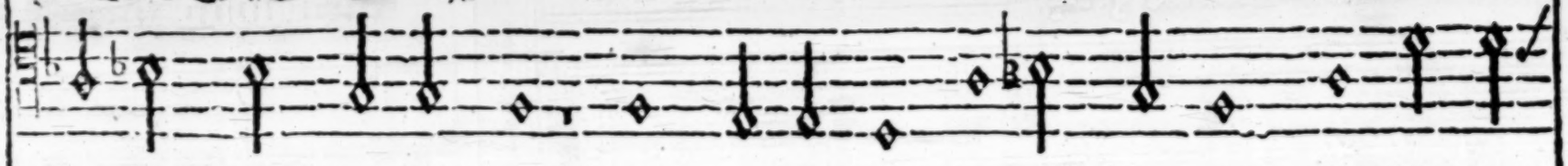
lord for thy great mercies ſake, waſh me O lord, & make me clean, frō this

vniuſt and ſinful act, and purify yet once again, my hainous crime & bloudy fact.

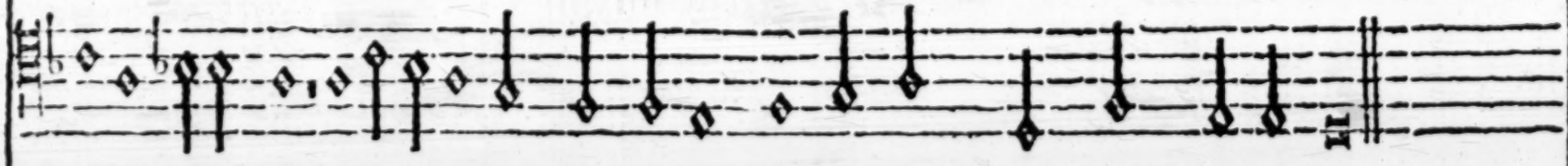
Lord consider my distresse, & now ẅ spede som pi-



ty take, my sins deface, my faults redresse, good lord



for thy great mercies sake, wash me O lord, & make me clean, frõ this vn-



iust & sinful act, & purify yet once again, my hainous crime and bloudy fact.

O

Lord consider my distresse, and now w̄ spede som

pity take, my sins deface my faults redresse, good

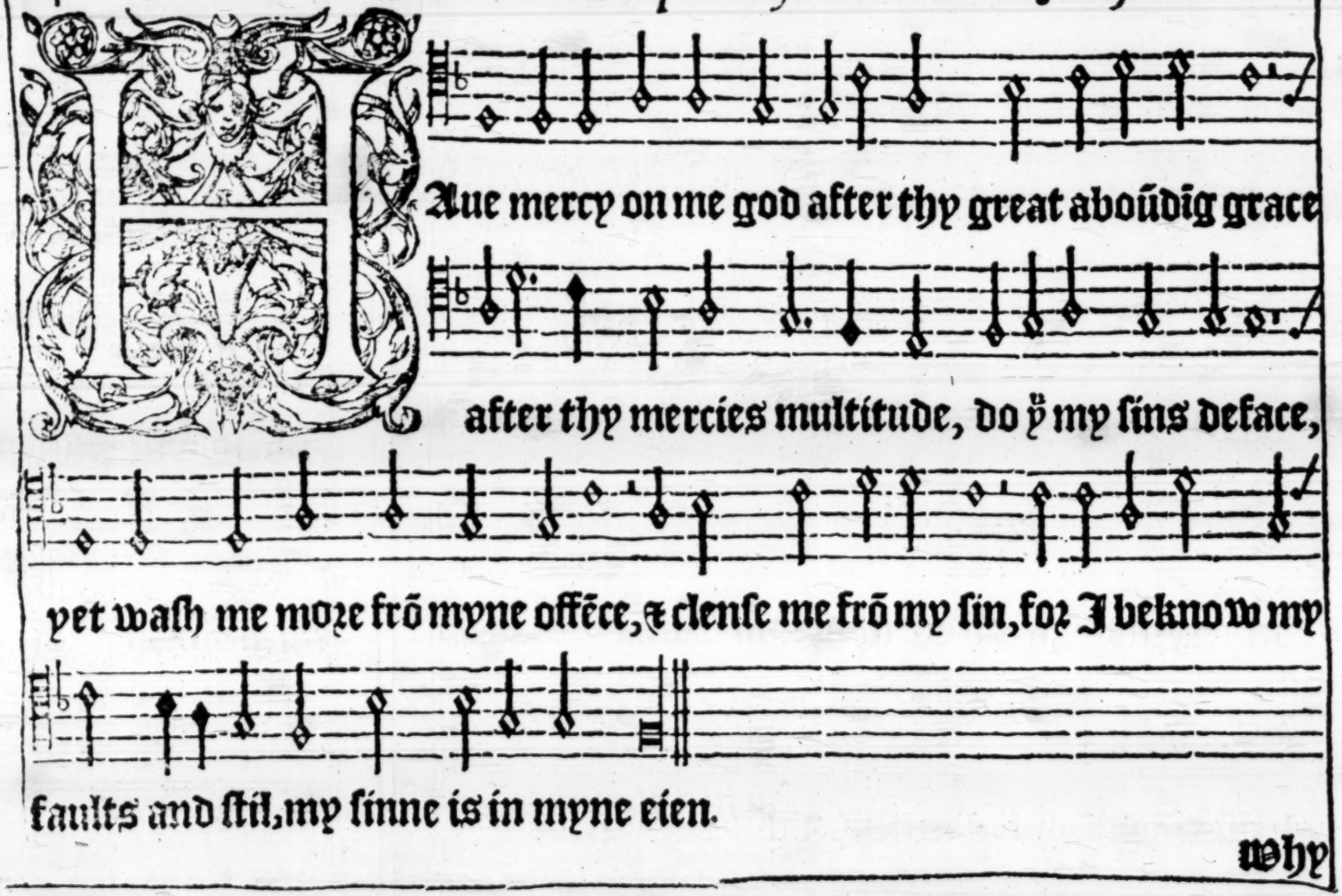
lord for thy great mercies sake, wash me O lord, & make me clean, frō this

vniust and sinful act, and purify yet once again, my hainous crime & bloudy fact.

Tenor

Another vpon miſerere

T. Cauſtun



why

Why doſt ỹ tiraunt boaſt abroad, thy wicked works

to praiſe, doſt thou not know there is a god, whoſe

mercies laſt alwaies, why doth thy mind yet ſtil deuiſe, ſuch wicked wiles

to warp, thy tongue vntrue in forging lies, is like a raſour ſharp.

Hy doſt ỹ tiraunt boaſt abroad, thy wicked works

to praiſe, doſt thou not know there is a god, whoſe

mercies laſt alwaies, why doth thy mind yet ſtil deuiſe, ſuch wicked wiles

to warp, thy tongue vntrue in forging lies, is like a raſour ſharp.

Why doest thou tirāt boast abroad, thy wicked

works to praise, dost ÿ not know there is a

god, whose mercies last alwais, why doth thy mind yet stil deuise, such wic

ked wiles to warp, thy tongue vntrue in forging lies, is like a rasour sharpe.

End ayd & ſaue me from my foes, O lord I pray to

thee, defend & kepe me frō al thoſe, ẏ riſe & ſtriue w̄

me, O lord preſerue me frō thoſe men, whoſe doings are not good, & ſet me

ſure and ſafe from them, that thirſteth after bloud.

End aid & saue me frō my foes, O lord I pray to the, de-

fend & kepe me from al those, ỳ rise & striue with me, O

lord preserue me from those men, whose doinges are not good, & set me sure

and safe from them, that thirsteth after bloud.

Egard O lord for I cõplain, & make my ſute to the

let not my words return in vain, but geue an eare

to me, from of ỹ coaſtes & vtmoſt parts, of al the earth abroad, in griefand

anguiſh of my hart, I cry to thee O god.

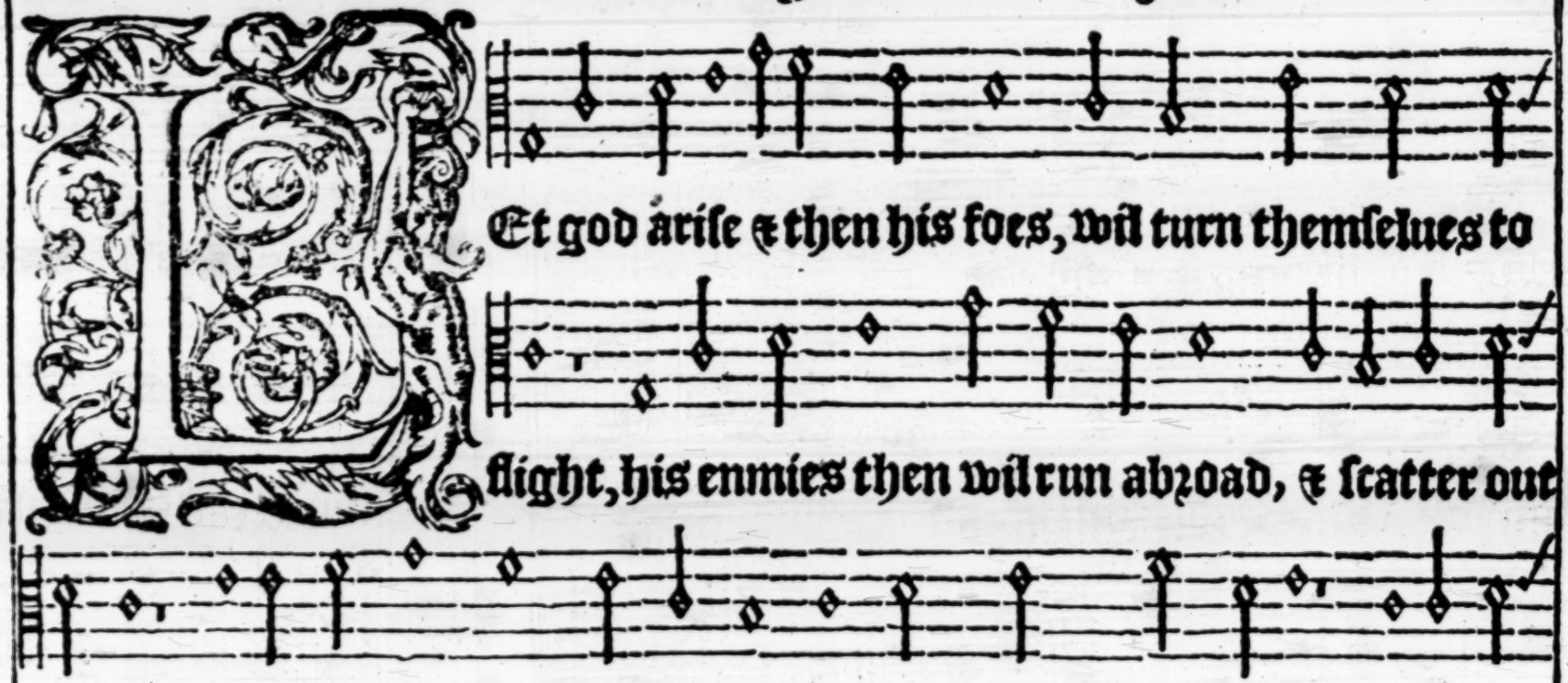
D

God my god I watch betime, to come to thee in

haſt, for why my ſoule & body both, doth thirſt of ỹ

to taſt, & in this barrē wilderneſſe, where waters there are none, my fleſh

is partcht for thought of thee, for thee I wiſh alone.


Let god ariſe & then his foes, wil turn themſelues to
flight, his enmies then wil run abroad, & ſcatter out
of ſight, & as the fier doth melt ỹ wax, & wind blow ſmoke away. ſo in the
preſence of the lord, the wicked ſhal decay.

Et god arise, and then his foes, wil turn themselues to

flight, his enmies then wil run abroad, & scatter out of

sight, & as the fier doth melt ỹ wax, & wind blow smoke away, so in the pre

sence of the lord, the wicked shal decay.

Aue me O god & that ẇ ſpede, the waters flow ful faſt,

ſo nie my ſoule do they pꝛocede, that I am ſoꝛe agaſt,

I ſtick ful depe in filth and clay, where as I fele no groũd, I fal into ſuch

flouds I ſay, that I am like be dꝛound.

Saue

Aue me O god & that ẅ ſpede, ẏ waters flow full

faſt, ſo nie my ſoule do they prꝛocede, ẏ I am ſoꝛe a-

gaſt, I ſtick ful depe in filth & clay, where as I fele no groũd, I fall into ſuch

flouds I ſay, that I am like be dꝛound.

Ord geue thy iudgemẽts to ẏ king, therin inſtruct

him wel, and ẇ his ſon ẏ princely thig, lord let thy

iuſtice dwel, that he may gouern vpꝛightly, & rule thy folk aright, & ſo defẽd

thꝛough equity, the pooꝛe that haue no might.

With my voice to god do cry, w̃ hart & harty chere

my voice to god I lift on hie, & he my ſute doth hear

in tyme of griefe I ſought to god, by night no reſt I toke, but ſtretcht my

hands to hym abroad, my ſoule comfort forſoke.

Attend my people to my law, & to my wordes incline,

my mouth shal speake straũge parables & sentences

deuine, which we our selues haue heard & learnd, euẽ of our fathers old, &

which for our instruction, our fathers haue vs told.

Attend

Attend my people to my law, & to my wordes

incline, my mouth shal speake straunge pa-

rables & sentẽces deuine, which we our selues haue heard & learnd euẽ of

our fathers old, and which for our instruction our fathers haue vs told.

E light & glad in god reioyce, which is our ſtrength
and ſtay, be ioyful & lift vp your voice to Jacobs god
I ſay, prepare your inſtruments moſt mete, ſome ioyful pſalm to ſig, ſtrike
vp with harpe and lute ſo ſwete, on euery pleaſaunt ſtring.

Lord

Ord bow down thine eare to my requeſt, & heare me

by & by, ẅ greuous paine, & griefe oppreſt, ful poore

& weak am I, preſerue my ſoule bicauſe my way, & doings holy be, & ſaue

thy ſeruant O my lord, that puttes his truſt in thee.

LOrd god of helth ỹ hope & ſtay, ỹ art alone to me, I cal &
cry, throughout the day, & al the night to thee, O let my
prayers ſone aſcend, vnto thy ſight on hie, encline thine eare O lord entend,
and hearken to my cry.

T is a thing both good & mete, to praiſe ỹ higheſt lord, & to thy name O ỹ moſt hie, to ſig in one accord to ſhew ỹ kindneſſe of the lord, betime ere day be light, and eke declare his his truth abroad, when it doth draw to night.

Come let vs lift vp our voice, & ſing vnto ỹ lord,

in him our rock of health reioyce, let vs with one

accord, yea let vs come before his face, to geue him thanks to praiſe, in ſin-

ging pſalmes vnto his grace, let vs be glad alwais.

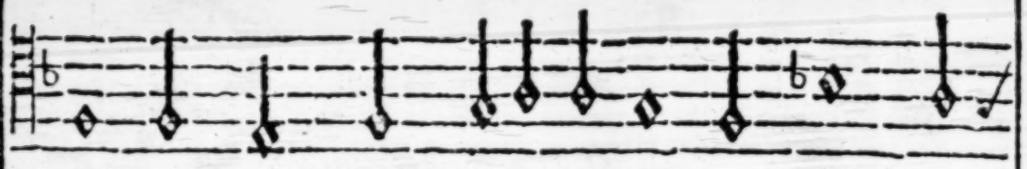
My ſoule geue laud vnto ỹ lord, my ſpryte ſhall doe the

ſame, and al the ſecrets of my hart, praiſe ye his holy

name, geue thanks to god for al his gifts, ſhew not thy ſelf vnkind, & ſuffer

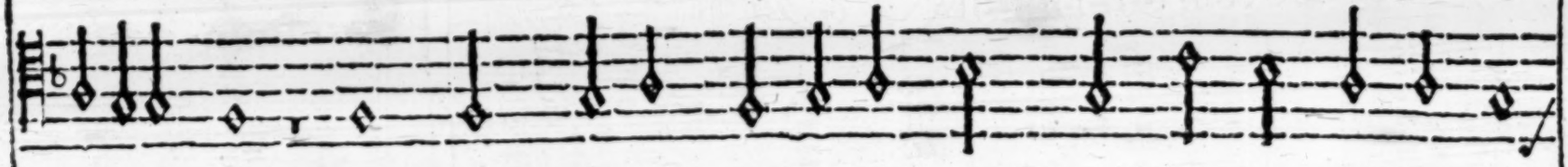
not his benefits, to ſlyp out of thy mynd.

86 Tenor Another of *F. Hake*

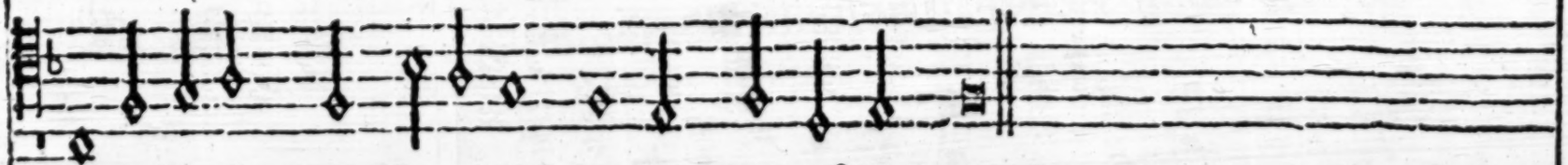


My ſoule geue laud vnto ẏ lord my ſpꝛite ſhall

do ẏ ſame, & al ẏ ſecrets of my hart, pꝛaiſe ye



his holy name, geue thāks to god foꝛ al his gifts, ſhew not thy ſelf vnkind



& ſuffer not his benefits, to ſlyp out of thy mynd.

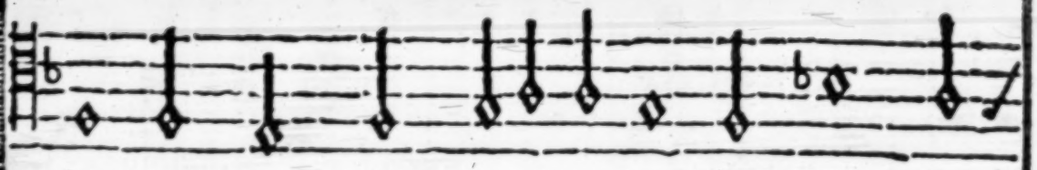
My

My ſoule geue laud vnto ỹ lord, my ſpirite ſhall doe the

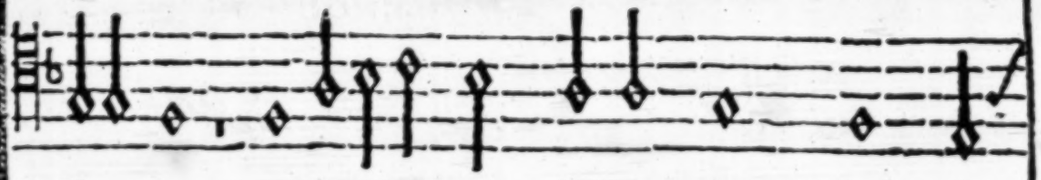
ſame, and al the ſecrets of my hart, praiſe ye his holy

name, geue thanks to god for al his gifts, ſhew not thy ſelf vnkind, & ſuffer

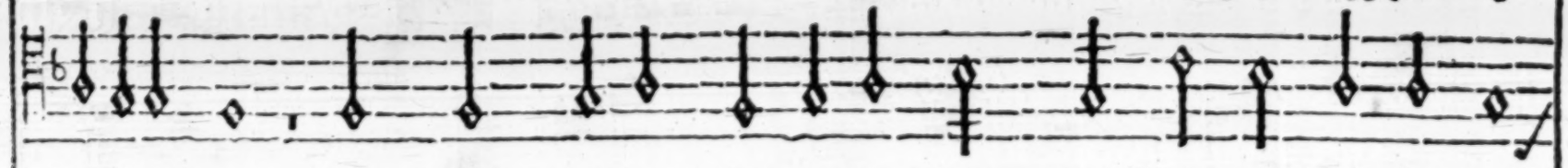
not his benefits, to ſlyp out of thy mynd.



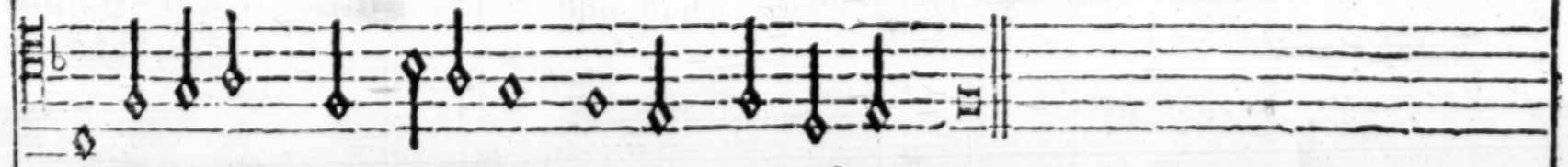
Y soule geue laud vnto ẏ lord my sprite shall



do ẏ same, & al ẏ secrets of my hart, praise ye

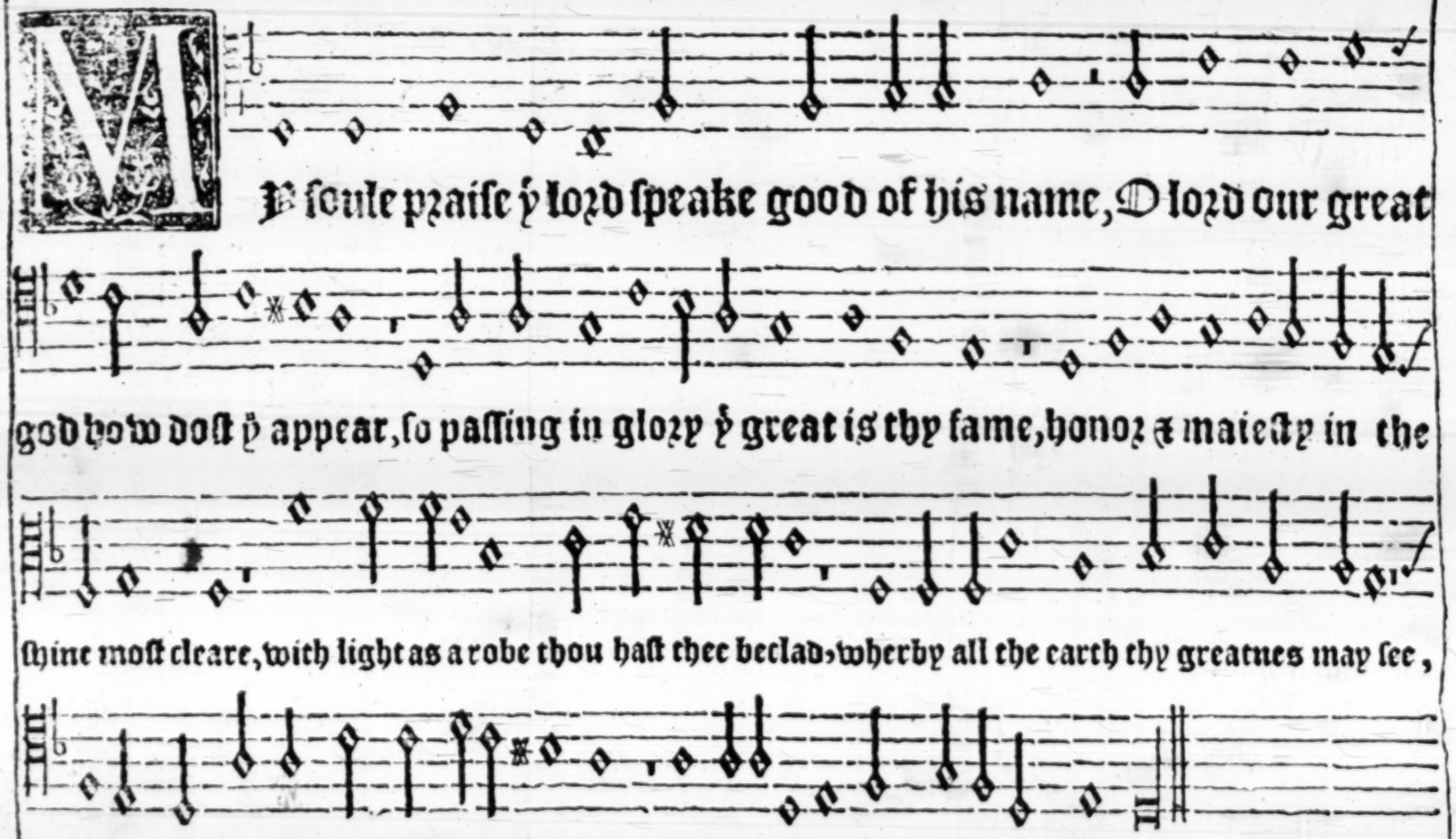


his holy name, geue thāks to god for al his gifts, shew not thy self vnkind



& suffer not his benefits, to slyp out of thy mynd.

My

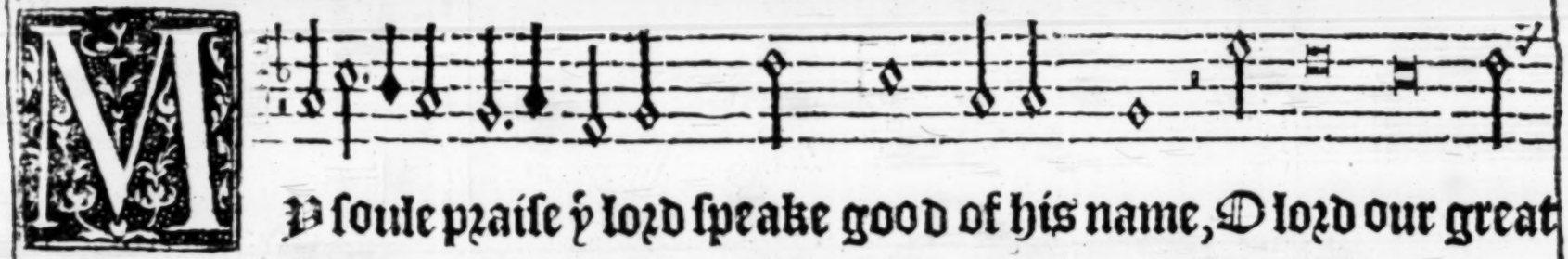


My ſoule prayſe ỳ lord ſpeake good of his name, O lord our great

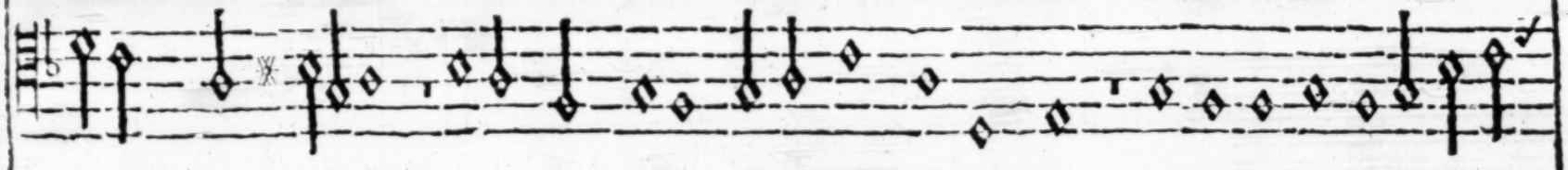
god how doſt ỳ appear, ſo paſſing in glory ỳ great is thy fame, honor & maieſty in the

ſhine moſt cleare, with light as a robe thou haſt thee beclad, wherby all the earth thy greatnes may ſee,

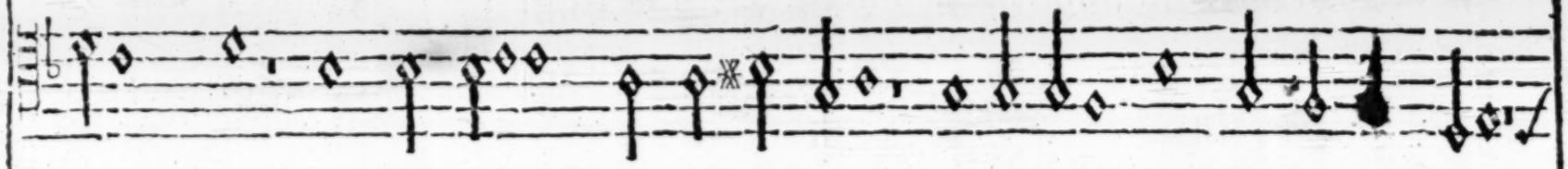
the heauens in ſuch ſort thou alſo haſt ſpred, that it to a curtain compared may be.



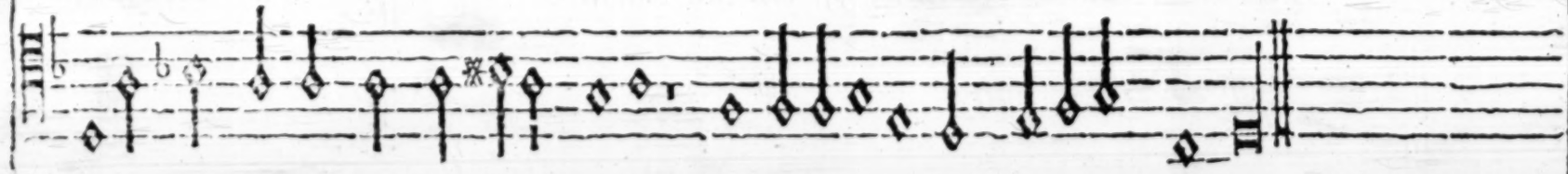
My soule praise ỳ lord speake good of his name, O lord our great



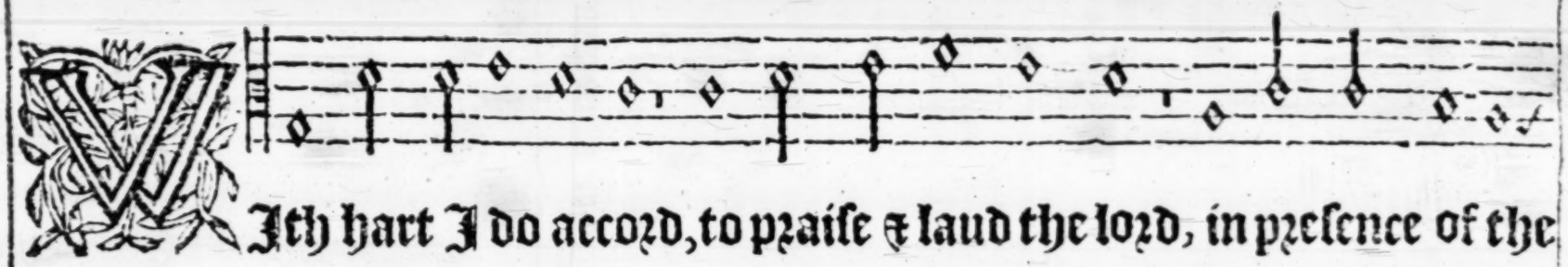
god how dost ỳ appear, so passing in glory ỳ great is thy fame, honor & maiesty in the



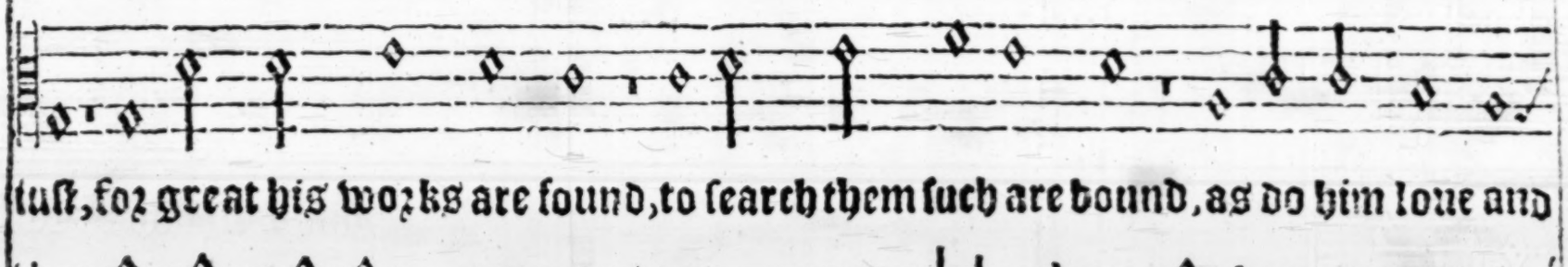
shine most cleare, with light as a robe thou hast thee beclad, wherby all the earth thy greatnes may see,



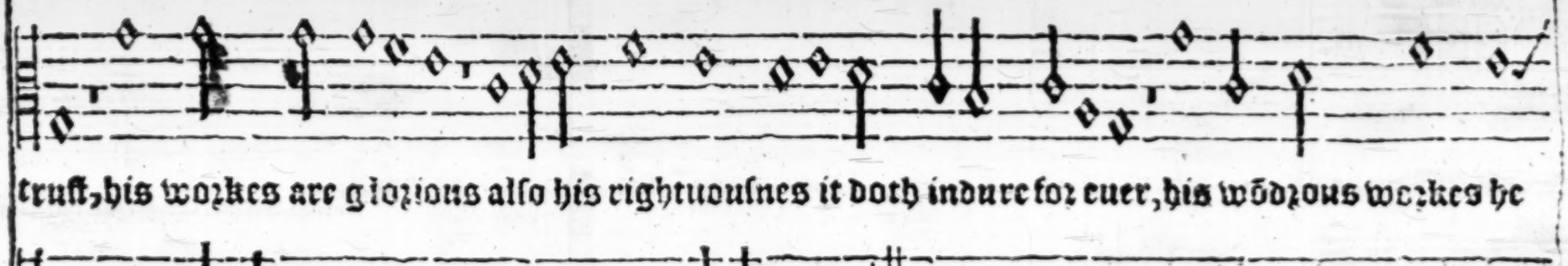
the heauens in such sort thou also hast spred, that it to a curtain compared may be.



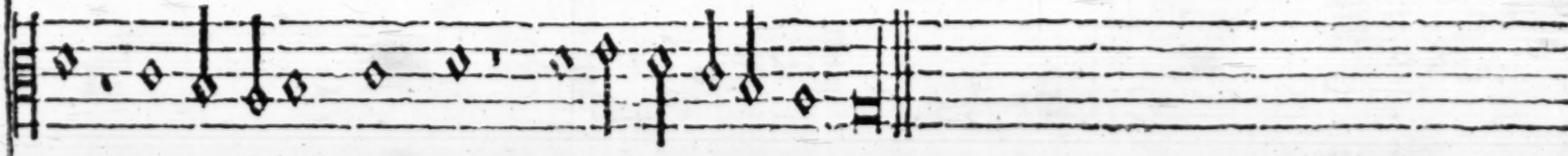
With hart I do accord, to praiſe & laud the lord, in preſence of the



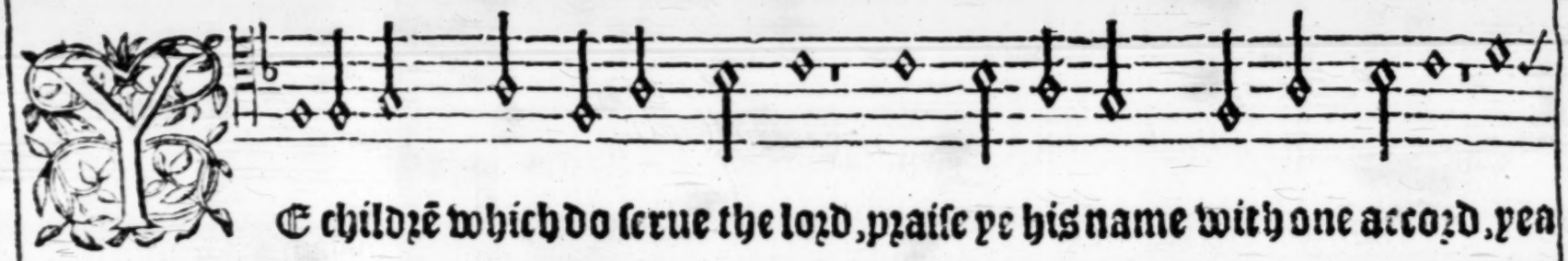
iuſt, for great his workes are found, to ſearch them ſuch are bound, as do him loue and



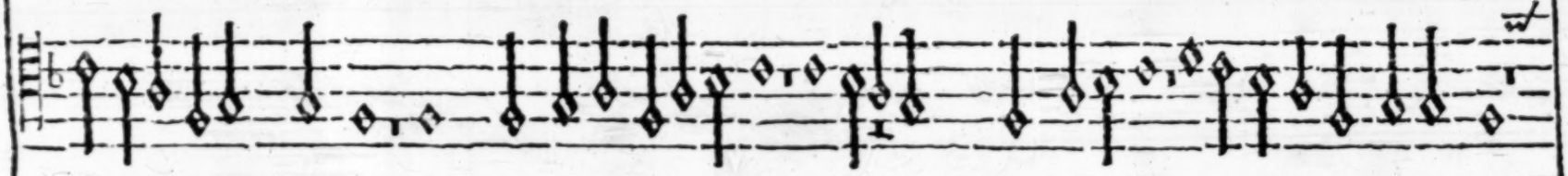
truſt, his workes are glorious alſo his righteouſnes it doth indure for euer, his wōdrous workes he



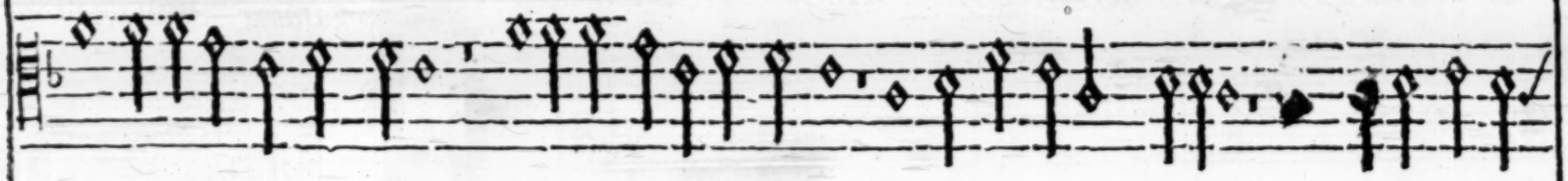
would: we ſtill remember ſhould, his mercy faileth neuer.



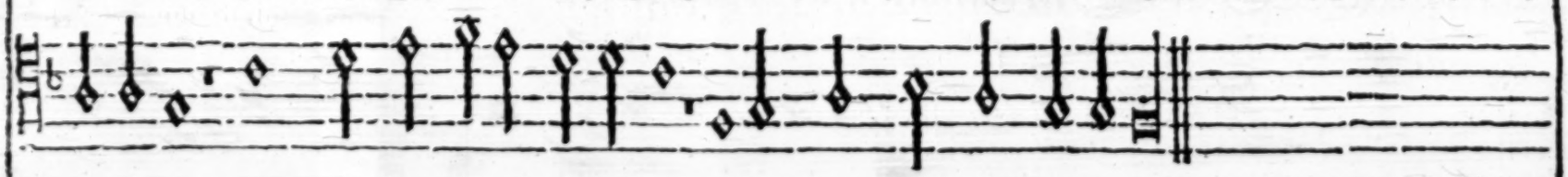
YE childrē which do ſerue the lord, praiſe ye his name with one accord, yea



bleſſed be alwais his name, who from the riſing of the ſon, til it returne where it begon, is to be praiſed & great fame



the lord al peoples doth ſurmonnt, as for his glory we may count, aboue the heauens hie to be, with god the lord, who



may compare, whole dwellings in the heauens are, of ſuch great power and force is he.

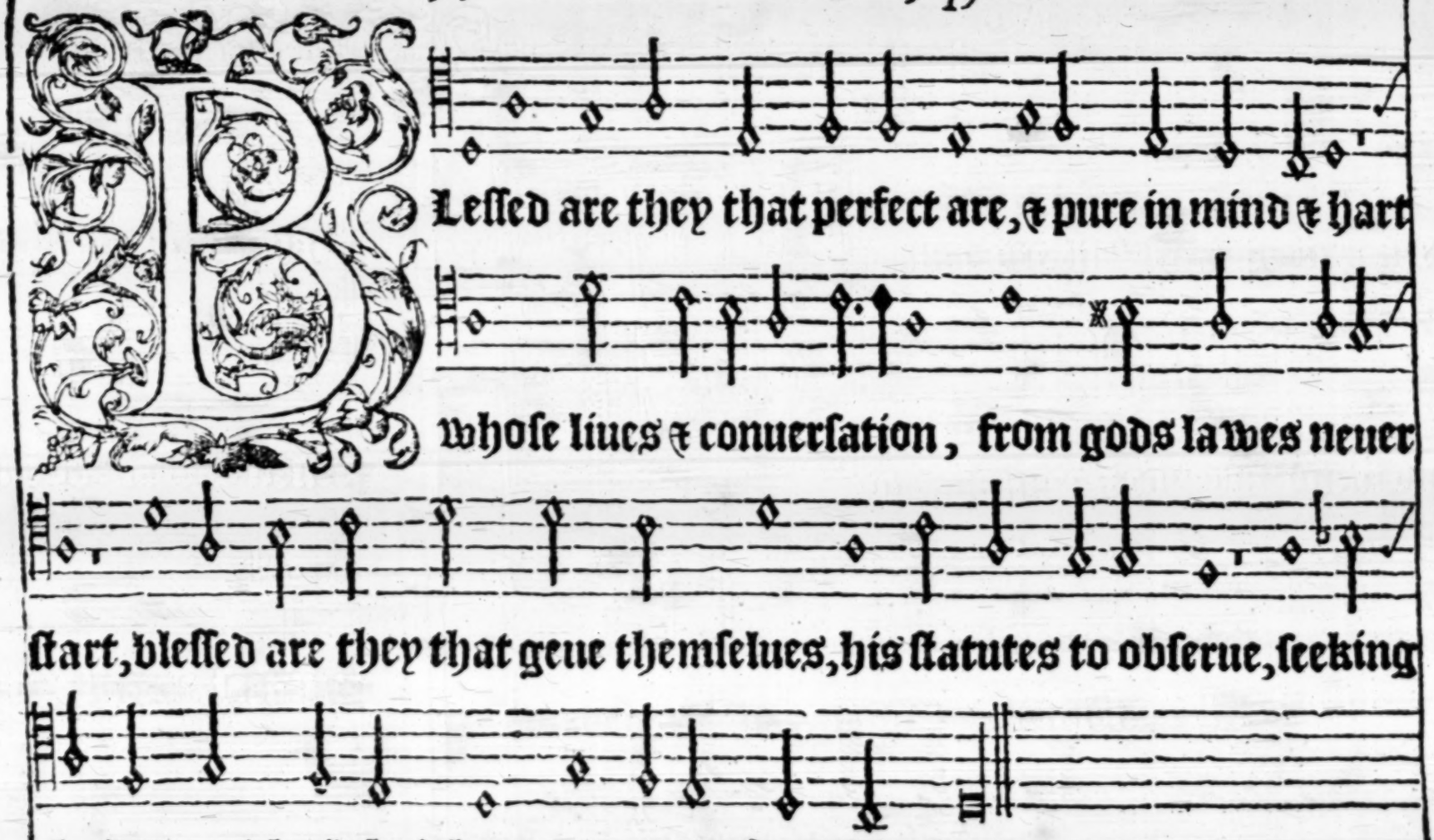
when

Hen Iſrael by gods addreſſe, fcõ Pharos land was

bent, and Iacobs houſe the ſtraungers left, and in

the ſame traine wente, in Juda God his glorye ſhewed: his holines moſte

bright, ſo did the Iſraelits declare, his kingdome power and might.


Leſſed are they that perfect are, & pure in mind & hart
whoſe liues & conuerſation, from gods lawes neuer
ſtart, bleſſed are they that geue themſelues, his ſtatutes to obſerue, ſeeking
the lord with al their hart, and neuer from him ſwarue.

Lessed are they that perfect are, and pure in mind & hart

whose liues & cõuersation, from gods lawes neuer start,

blessed are thei that geue themselues, his statutes to obserue seking the lord

with al their hart, & neuer from him swerue.

IN trouble I in thy al, vnto the lord I call,

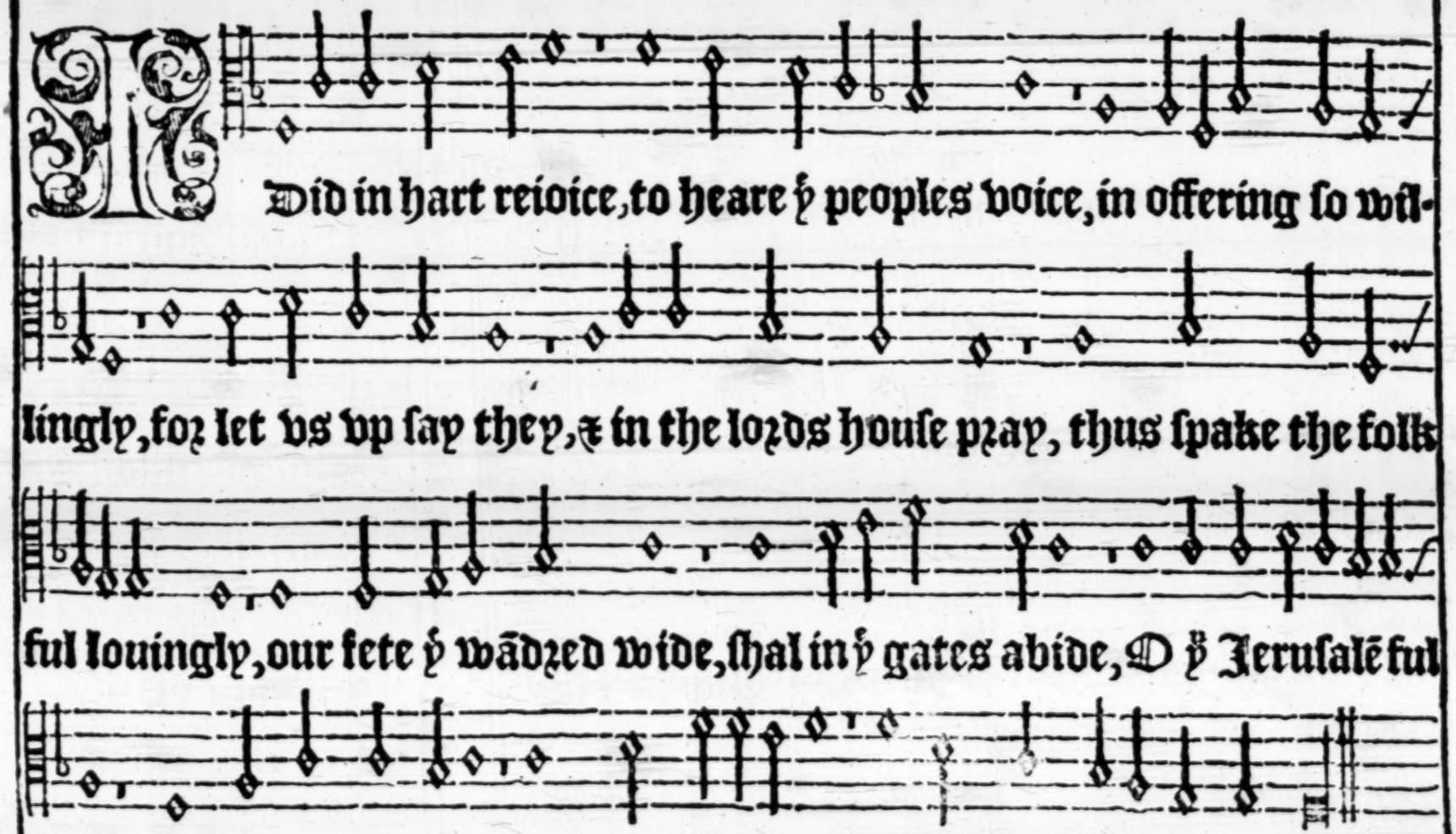
and he doth me comfort, deliuer me I say,

from liers lips alway, and tongue of falſe report.

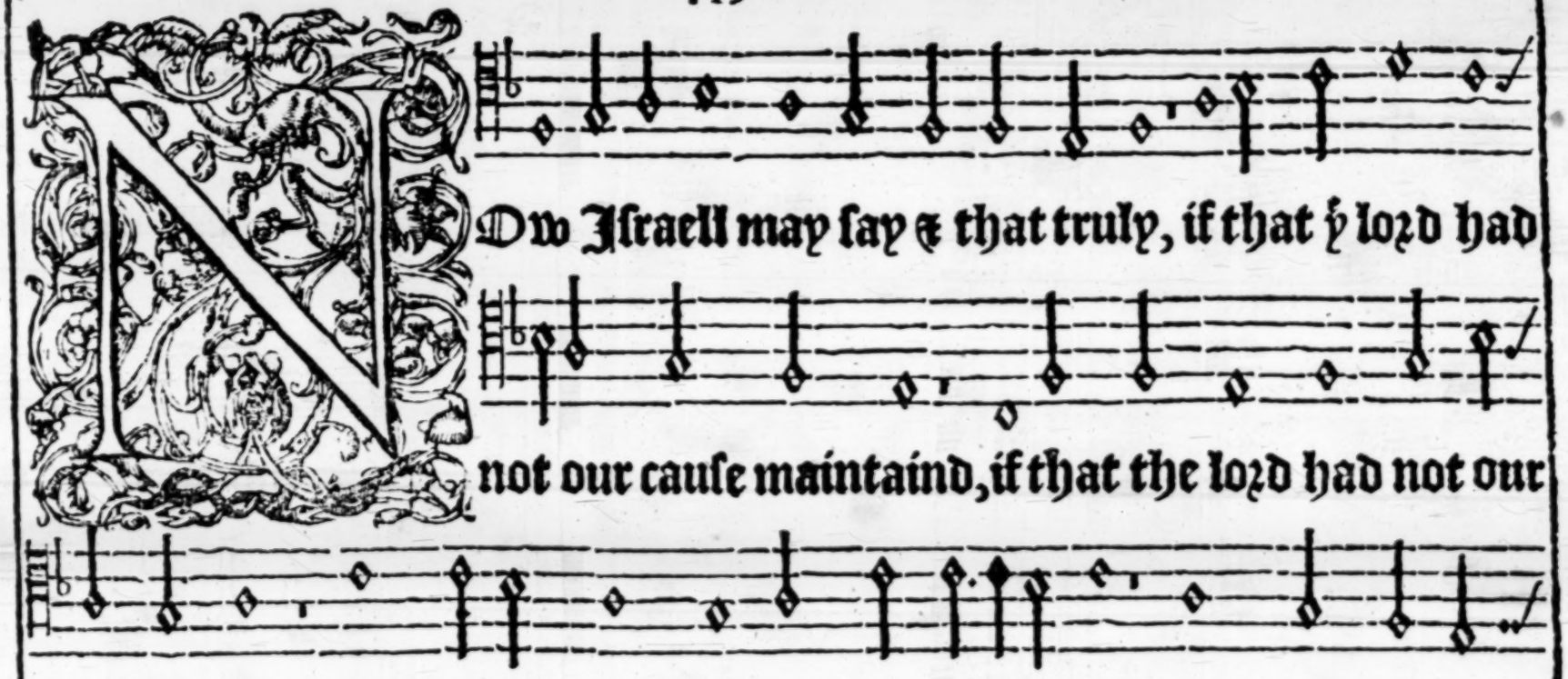
Lift mine eies to ſion hil, from whence do I at-

tend, that ſuccor god me ſend, the mighty god me

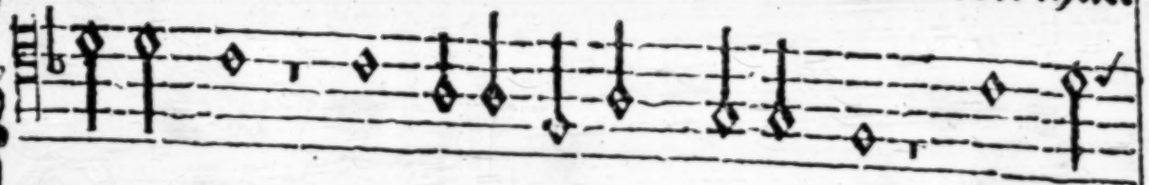
ſuccor wil, which heauen & earth framed, and all things therin named.


I Did in hart reioice, to heare ỳ peoples voice, in offering ſo wil-
lingly, for let vs vp ſay they, & in the lords houſe pray, thus ſpake the folk
ful louingly, our fete ỳ wādred wide, ſhal in ỳ gates abide, O ỳ Ieruſalē ful
faire, which are ſo ſemely ſet, much like a city net, the like wherof is not els where.

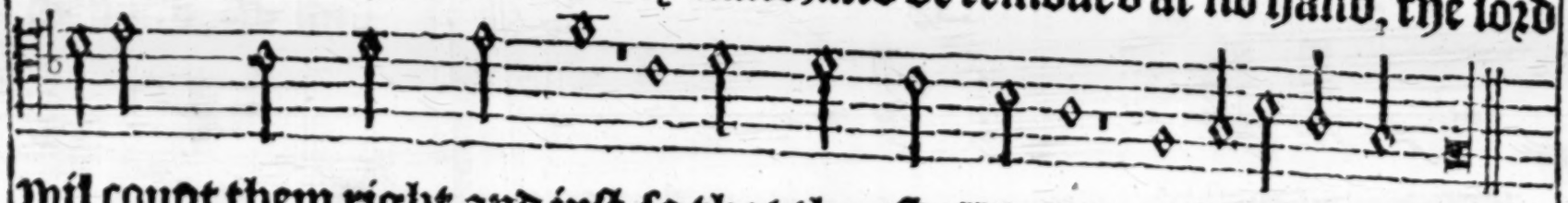
Now


Now Iſraell may ſay & that truly, if that ỹ lord had
not our cauſe maintaind, if that the lord had not our
right ſuſtaind, when al the world againſt vs furiouſly, made their vprores
and ſaid, we ſhould all dye.

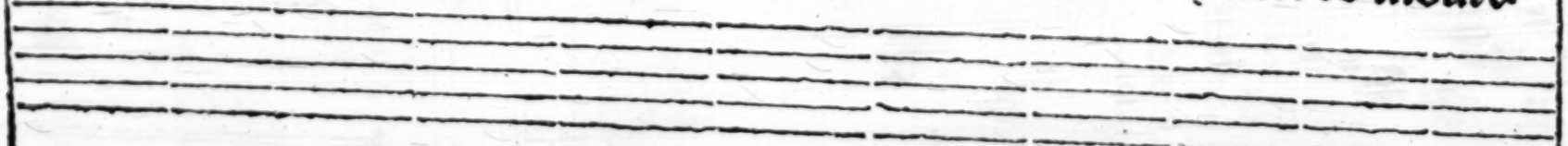
Uch as in god the lord do truſt, as mount ſion ſhall



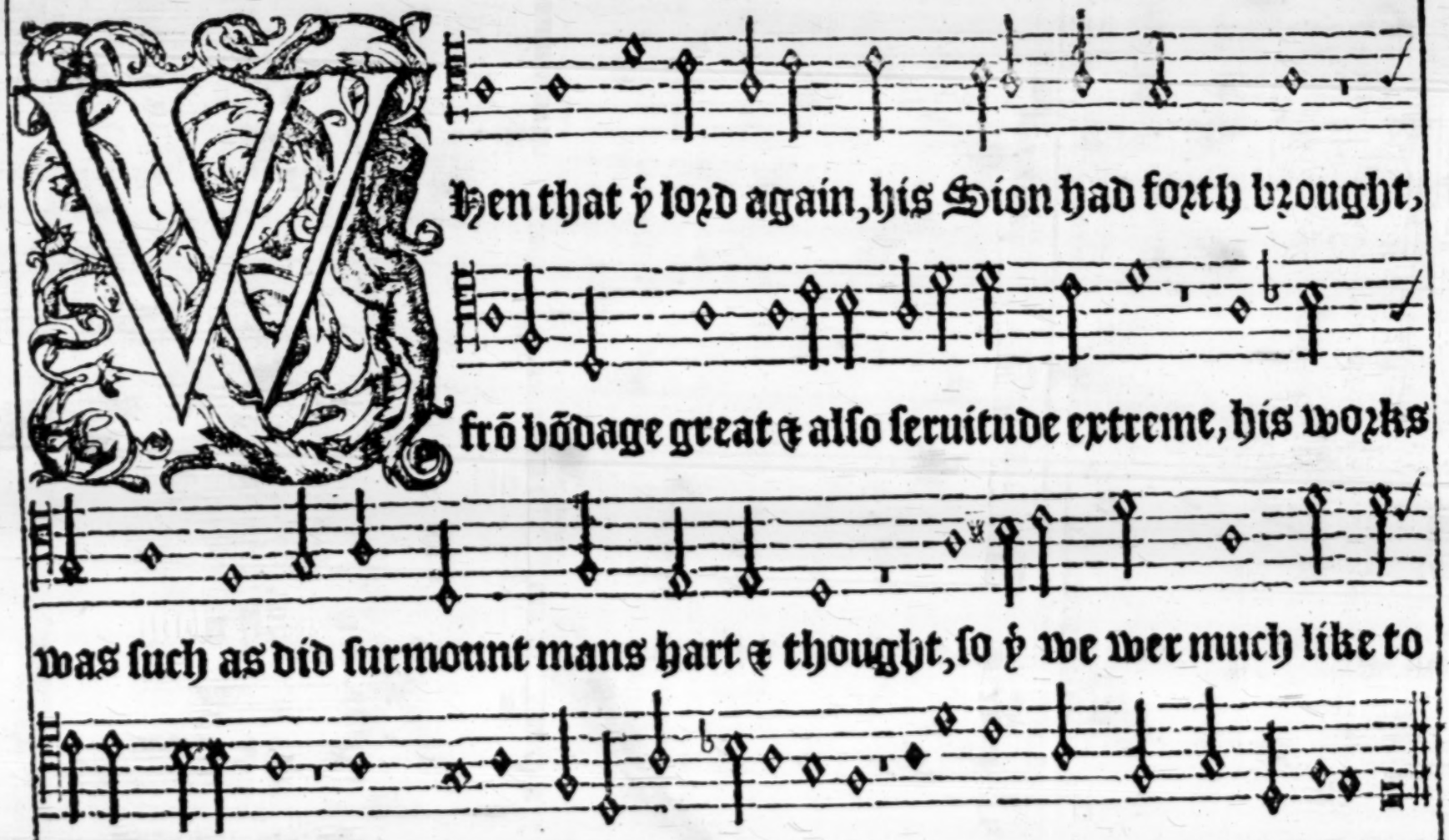
firmely ſtand, and be remoued at no hand, the lord

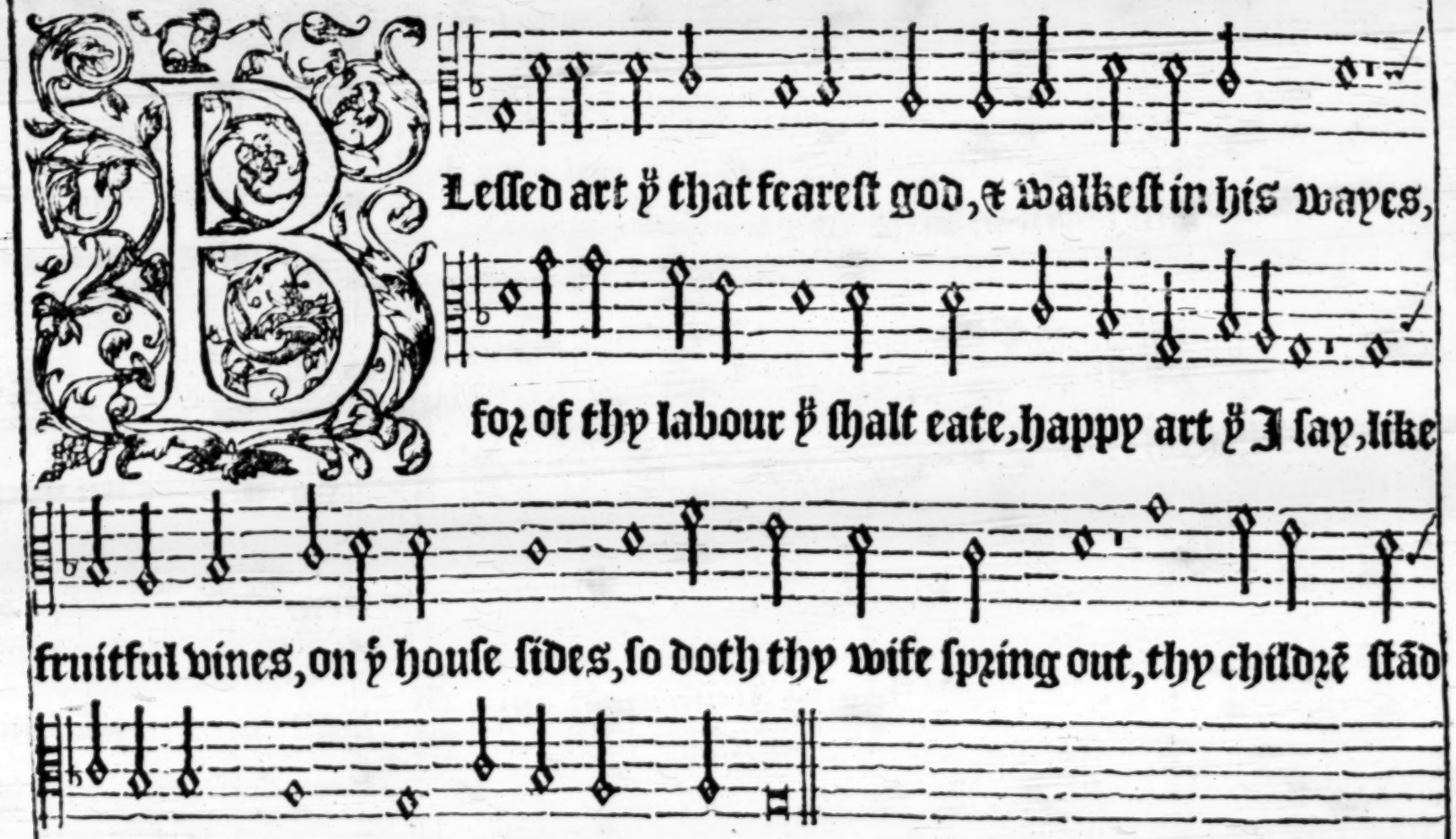


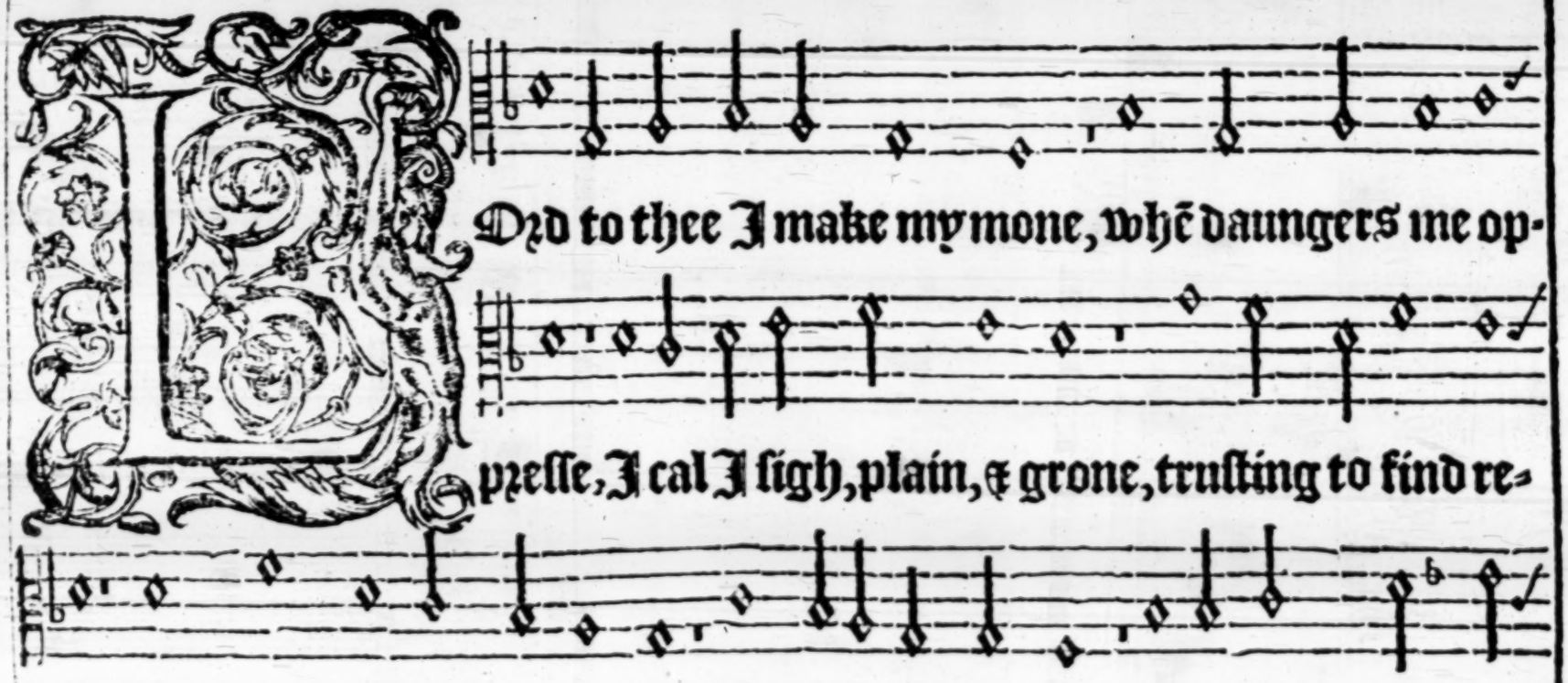
wil count them right and iuſt, ſo that they ſhall be ſure, for euer to indure.

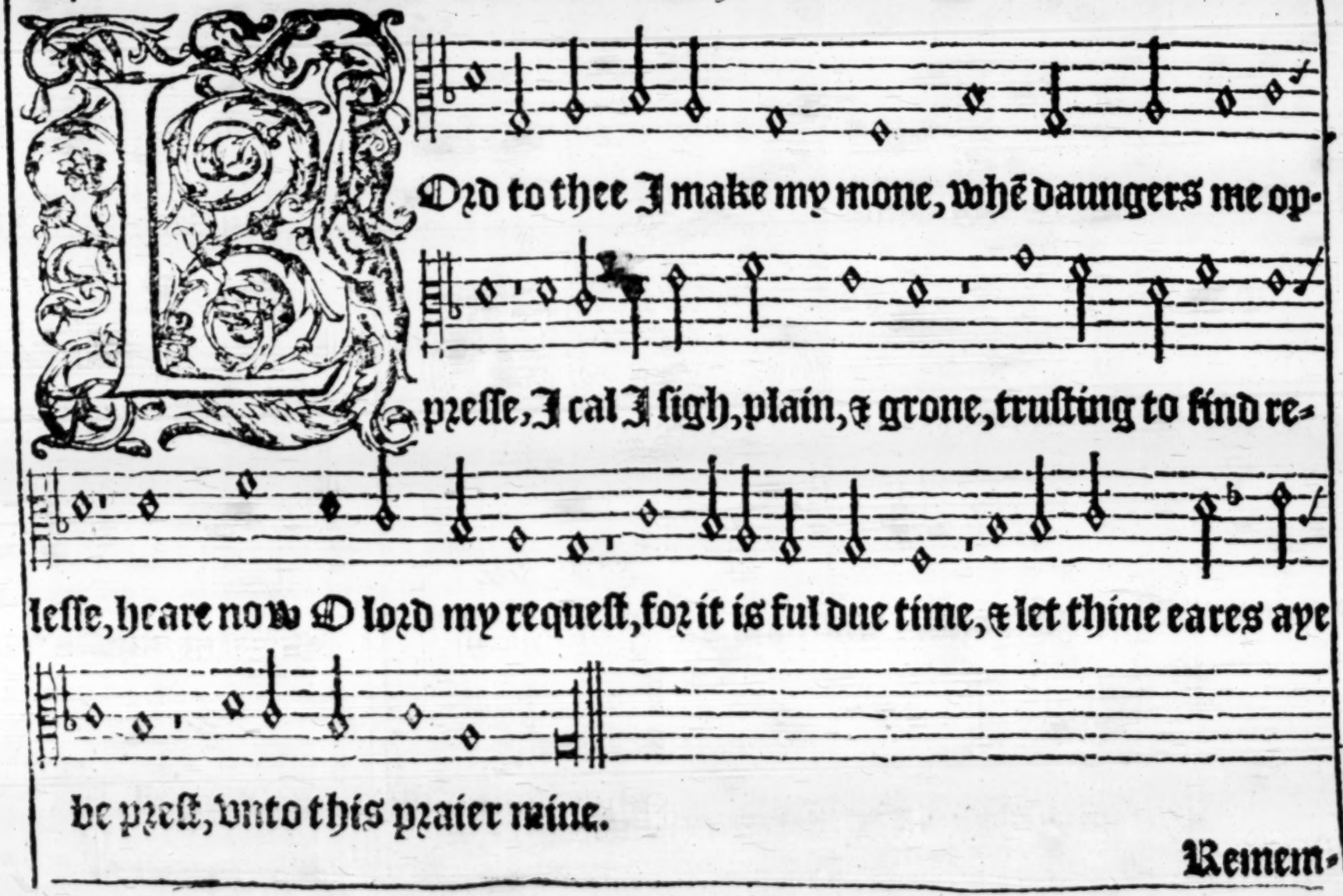


When


When that ỳ lord again, his Sion had forth brought,
frõ bõdage great & alſo ſeruitude extreme, his works
was ſuch as did ſurmount mans hart & thought, ſo ỳ we wer much like to
thẽ that vſe to dream, our monthes wer w̃ laughter filled thẽ, & ske our tongs did ſhew vs ioiful mẽ.


Leſſed art ỹ that feareſt god, & walkeſt in his wayes,
for of thy labour ỹ ſhalt eate, happy art ỹ I ſay, like
fruitful vines, on ỹ houſe ſides, ſo doth thy wife ſpring out, thy childrẽ ſtãd
like Oliue plants, thy table round about.


LOrd to thee I make my mone, whē daungers me op-
preſſe, I cal I ſigh, plain, & grone, truſting to find re-
leſſe, heare now O lord my requeſt, for it is ful due time, & let thine eares aye
be preſt, vnto this praier mine.


Lord to thee I make my mone, whē daungers me op-
presse, I cal I sigh, plain, & grone, trusting to find re-
lesse, heare now O lord my request, for it is ful due time, & let thine eares aye
be prest, vnto this praier mine.

Remem-

Emember Dauids troubles lord, how to ỳ lord he

ſwore, & vowd a vow to Jacobs god, to kepe for e-

uermore, I wil not come wỉn my houſe, nor clime vp to my bed, nor let my

temples take their reſt, or the eyes in my hed.

Emember Dauids troubles lord, how to ỹ lord he

swore, & vowd a vow to Iacobs god, to kepe for e-

uermore, I will not come wi̇n my house, nor clime vp to my bed, nor let my

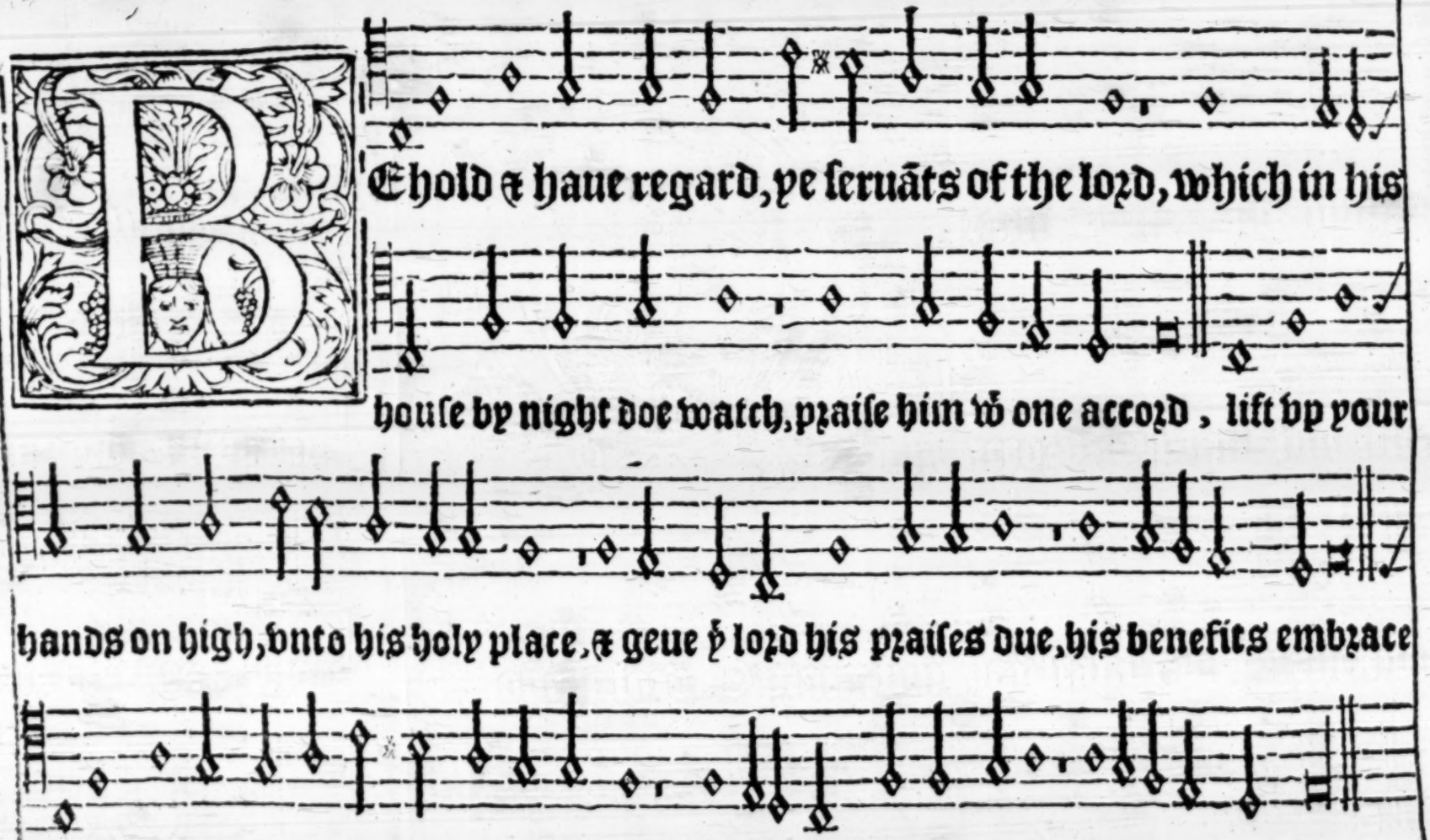
temples take their rest, or the eyes in my hed.

How happy a thing it is, & ioyful for to ſee, bre-

thren together faſt to hold ỹ band of amitie, it calth

to mynd ỹ ſwete perfume, & that coſtly ointment, which on the ſacrificers

head, by gods precept was ſpent.



Behold & haue regard, ye ſeruãts of the lord, which in his house by night doe watch, praiſe him wt one accord, lift vp your hands on high, vnto his holy place, & geue ye lord his praiſes due, his benefits embrace for why the lord who did both earth and heauen frame, doth ſion bleſſe, and will conſerue for euermore the ſame.

D

Praiſe ẏ lord praiſe him, praiſe him, praiſe him w̃

one accord, O praiſe him ſtil all ye ẏ be, the ſeruants

of the lord, O praiſe him ye ẏ ſtand & be, in the houſe of the lord, ye of hys

court and of his houſe, praiſe him with one accord.

Raiſe ye ỹ lord for he is good, for his mercy

endureth for euer, geue praiſe vnto the god

of gods, for his mercy endureth for euer, geue praiſe vnto ỹ lord of lordes,

for his mercy endureth for euer, which only doth great wondrous workes, for his mercy endureth for euer.

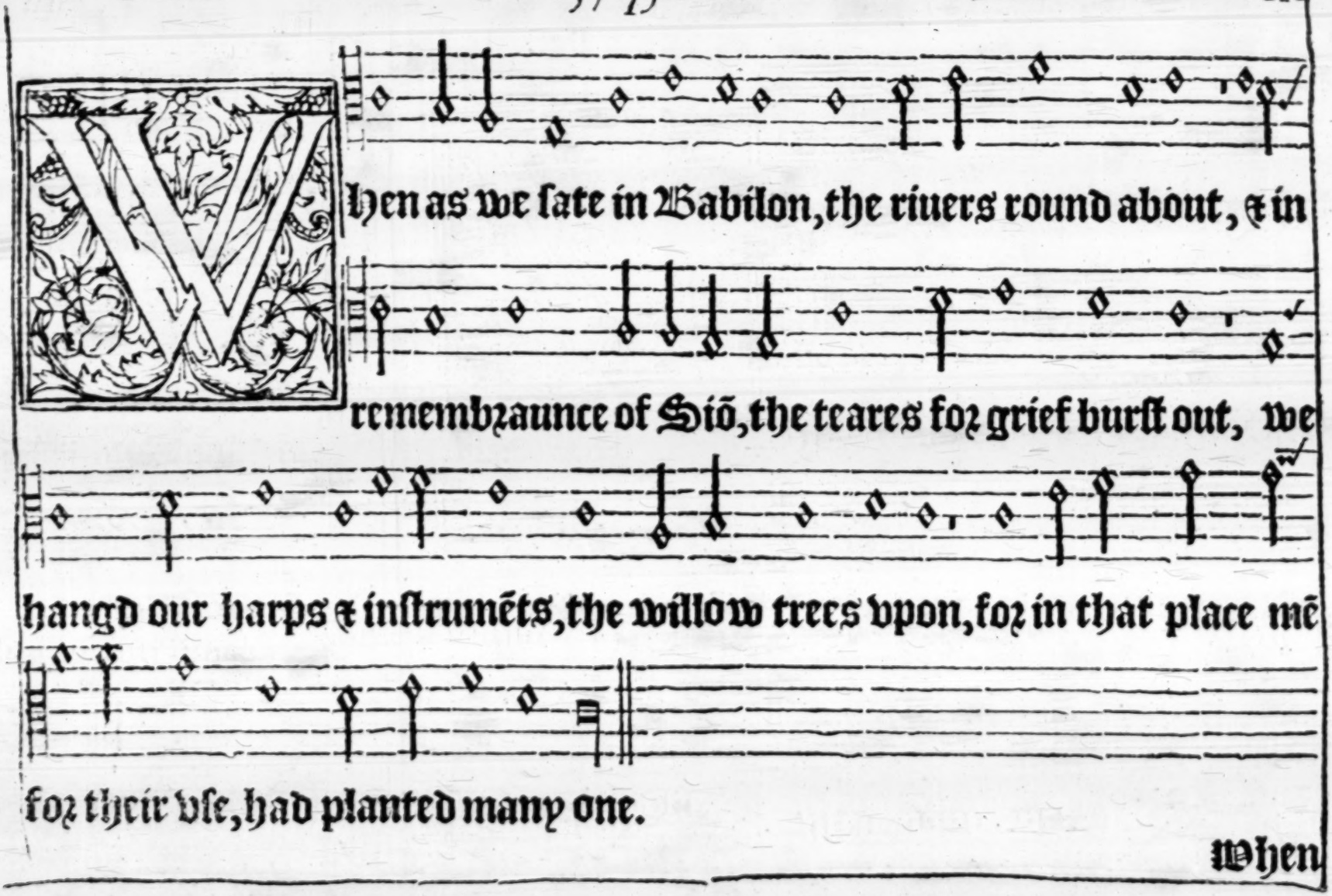
Praiſe

Raise ye the lord for he is good, for his mercy endu-

reth for euer, geue praise vnto ỹ god of gods, for hys

mercy endureth for euer, geue praise vnto the lord of lords, for his mercy en-

dureth for euer, which only doth gret wōders works, for his mercy ēdureth for euer


When as we sate in Babilon, the riuers round about, & in
remembraunce of Siō, the teares for grief burst out, we
hangd our harps & instrumēts, the willow trees vpon, for in that place mē
for their vse, had planted many one.

When

hen as we ſate in Babilon, the riuers round about, & in

remembraunce of Siō, the teares for grief burſt out, we

hangd our harps & inſtrumēts, the willow trees vpon, for in that place mē

for their vſe, had planted many one.

Hen as we ſate in Babilō, ẏ riuers roūd about & in

remēbzaūcc of ſyon, ẏ teares foz gr ief burſt out, we

hangd our harps & inſtruments, ẏ willow trees vpō, foz in ẏ place men foz

theyz vſe, had planted many one.

when

Hen as we ſate in Babilon, the riuers round about, & in remembꝛaunce of Siō, the teares foꝛ grief burſt out, we hangd our harps & inſtrumēts, the willow trees vpon, foꝛ in that place mē foꝛ their vſe, had planted many one.

O Lord ÿ haſt me tried & known, my ſitting doſt ÿ

know, & riſig eke my thoughts afar, ÿ vnderſtandſt

alſo my pathes, yea & my lying doune, thou compaſſeſt always, & by fami-

liar cuſtom art, acquainted with my wais.

Lord ỹ hast me tried & known, my sitting dost ỹ

know, & rising eke my thoughts afar, thou vnder-

standst also, my pathes yea & my lying doun, thou compasseſt alwais, &

by familiar custom art, acquainted with my wais.

Lord vpõ thee do I cal, lord haſt thee vnto me, &

harken lord vnto my voyce, when I do cry to thee

as inſẽce let my praier be, directed in thine eies, & the vplifting of my hãds

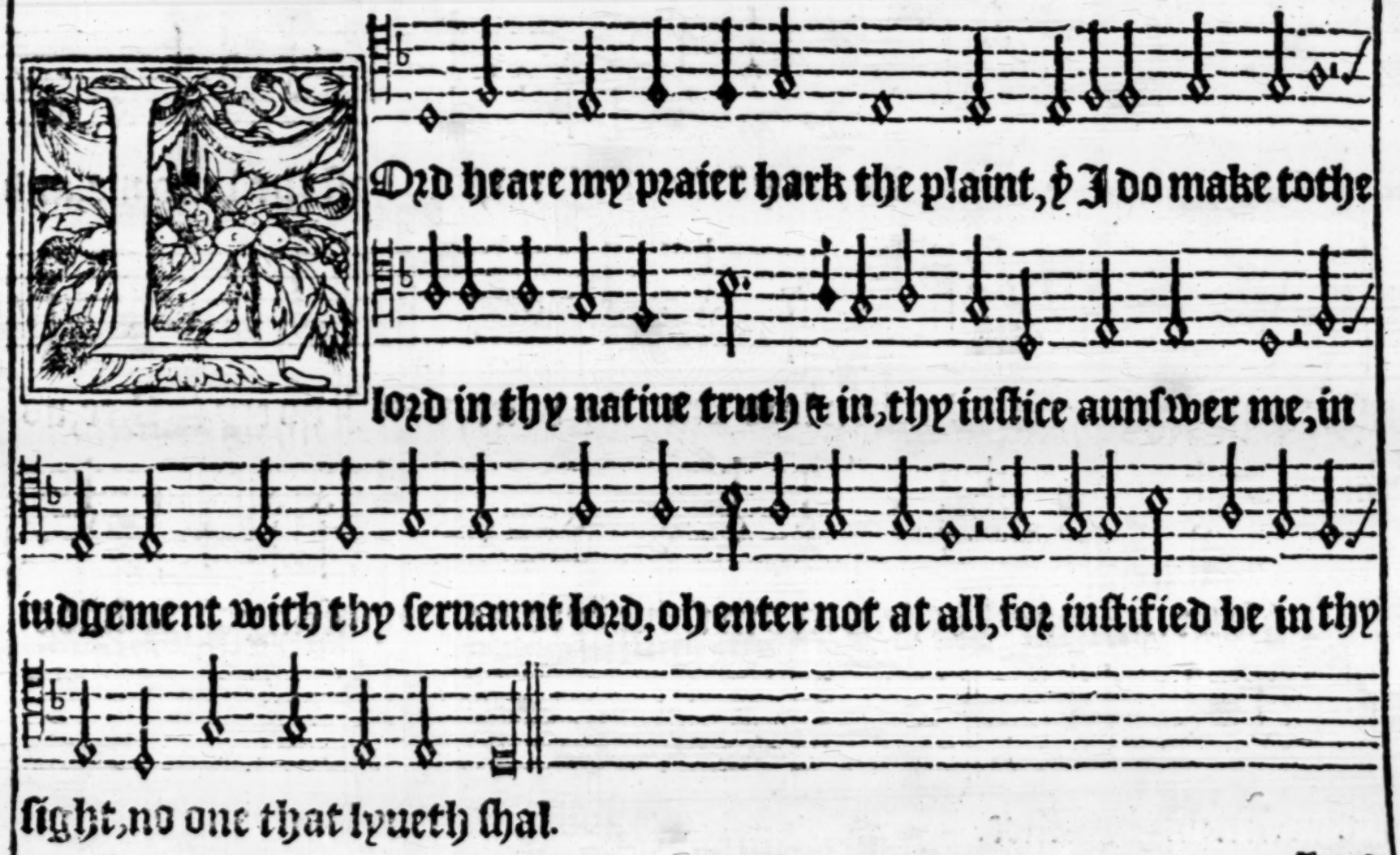
as euening ſacrifice.

Lord vpō thee do I cal, lord hast the vnto me, and

harken lord vnto my voice, whē I do cry to thee, as

incense let my prayer be, directed in thine eyes, & the vplifting of my hāds,

as euenyng sacrifice.


LOrd heare my praier hark the plaint, ẏ I do make tothe
lord in thy natiue truth & in, thy iustice aunswer me, in
iudgement with thy seruaunt lord, oh enter not at all, for iustified be in thy
sight, no one that lyueth shal.

Lord hear my praier hark ỳ plaint, ỳ I do make to the

lord in thy natiue truth & in, thy iustice answer me, in

iudgement w̄ thy seruant lord, oh enter not at al, for iustified be in thy sight

no one that liueth shal.

Hee will I laud my god & king, & bleſſe thy

name foꝛ aye, foꝛ euer wil I pꝛaiſe thy name,

and bleſſe thee day by day, great is ỹ loꝛd moſt woꝛthy pꝛaiſe, his greatnes

none can reach from race to race they ſhal thy woꝛkꝭ, pꝛaiſe & thy powꝛer pꝛeach.

Thee

Hee wil I laud my god & king, & bleſſe thy name for

aye, for euer wil I prayſe thy name, & bleſſe the day

by day, great is ỹ lord moſt worthy praiſe, his greatnes uone cã reach, frõ

race to race, they ſhal thy works, praiſe & thy power preach.

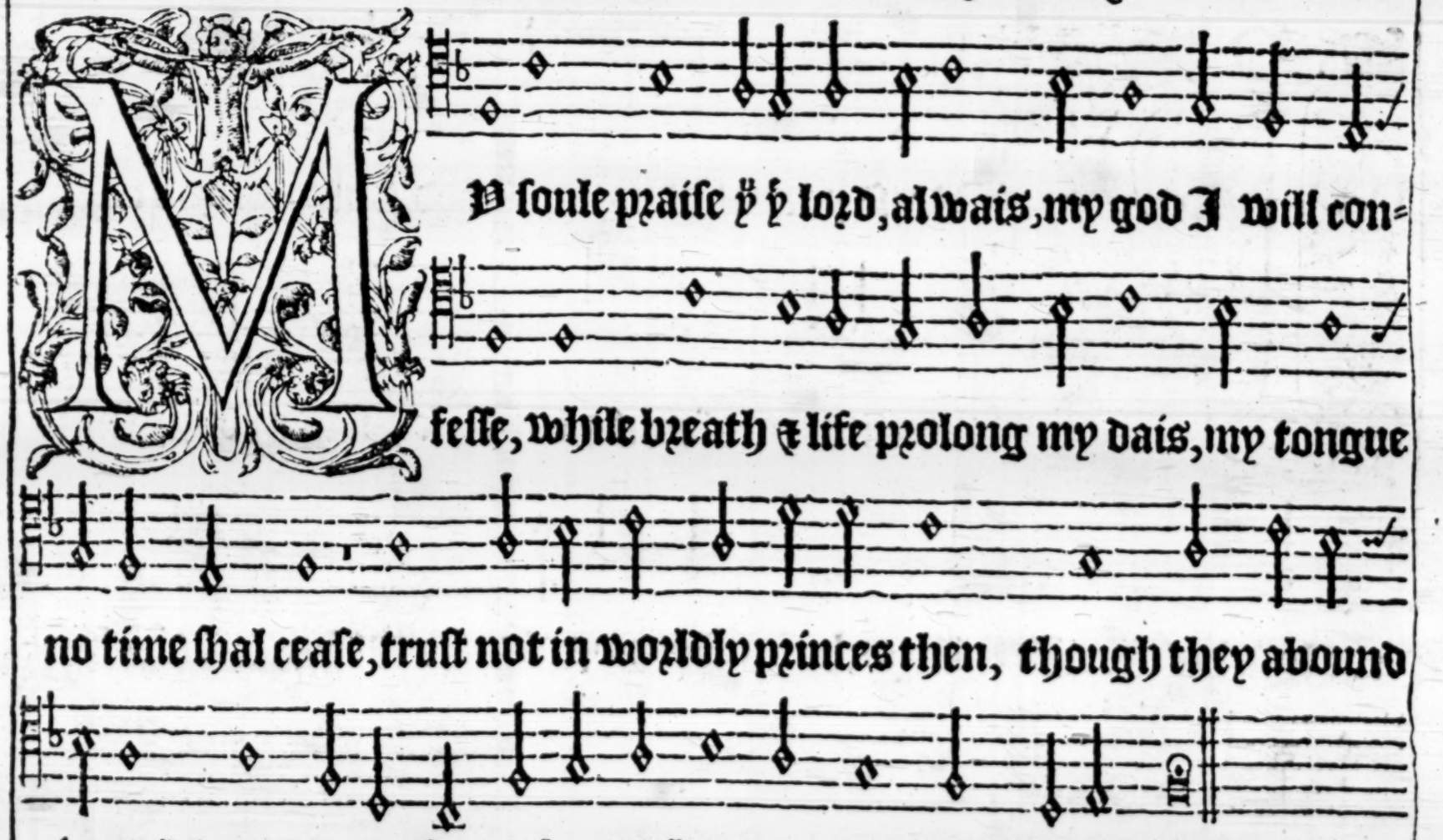
My ſoule praiſe thou ỳ lord alwais, my god I wil confeſſe, while

breath and life prolong my dais, my tongue no time ſhal ceaſe, truſt not in

worldly princes then, though they abound in welth, nor in the ſons of mor

tall men, in whom there is no health.

My


MY soule praise ye ye lord, alwais, my god I will con=
fesse, while breath & life prolong my dais, my tongue
no time shal cease, trust not in worldly princes then, though they abound
in welth, nor in the sons of mortal men, in whō there is no health.

Raiſe ye the lord for it is good, vnto our god to ſing

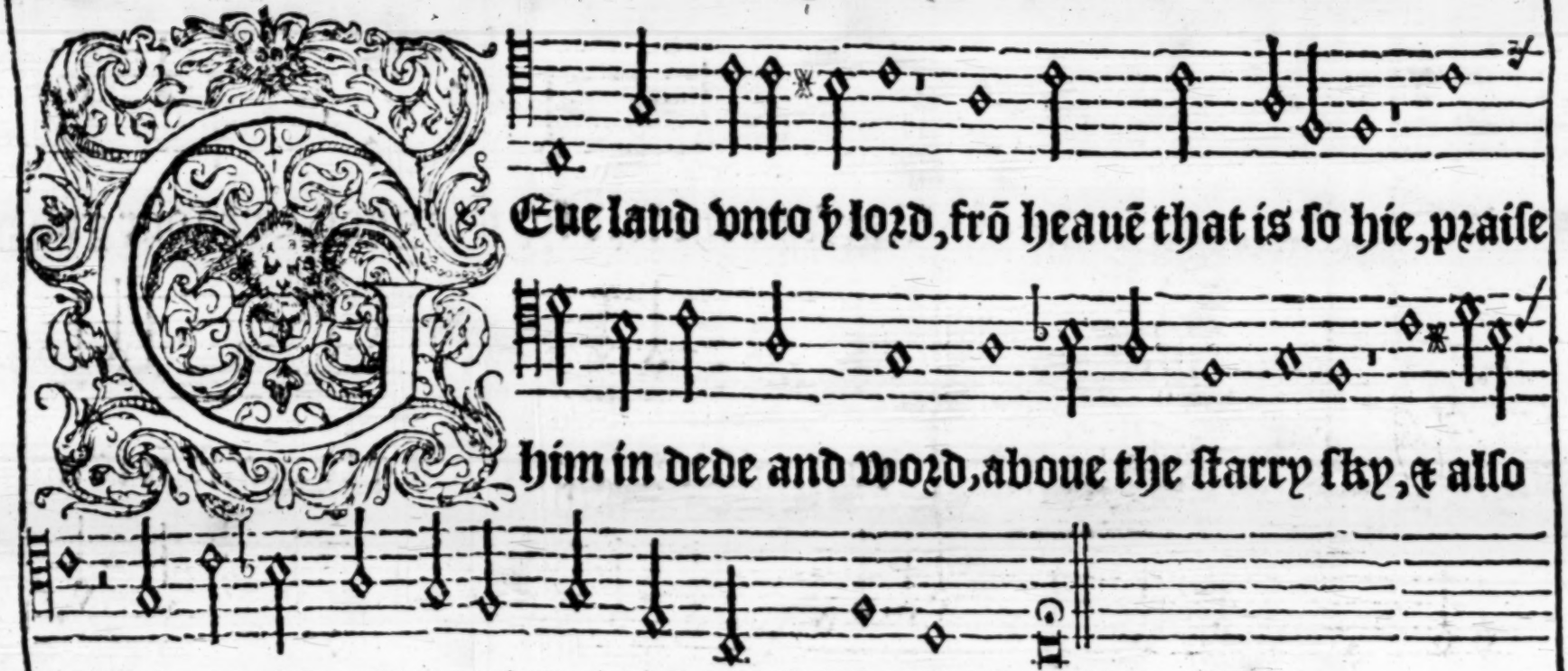
for it is pleaſaunt & to praiſe, it is a comly thing,

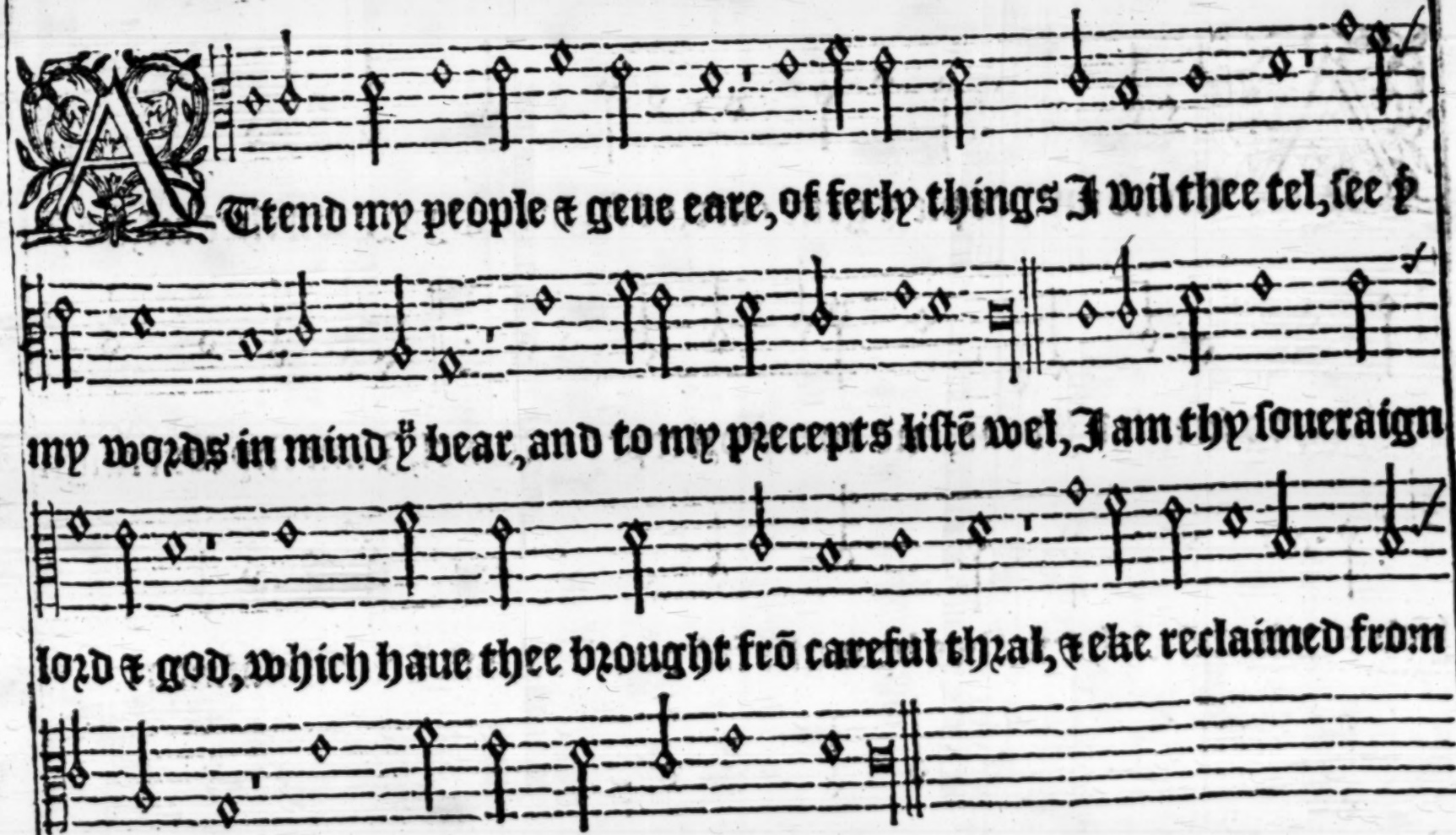
the lord his own Ieruſalem, he buildeth vp alone, & the diſperſt of Iſrael,

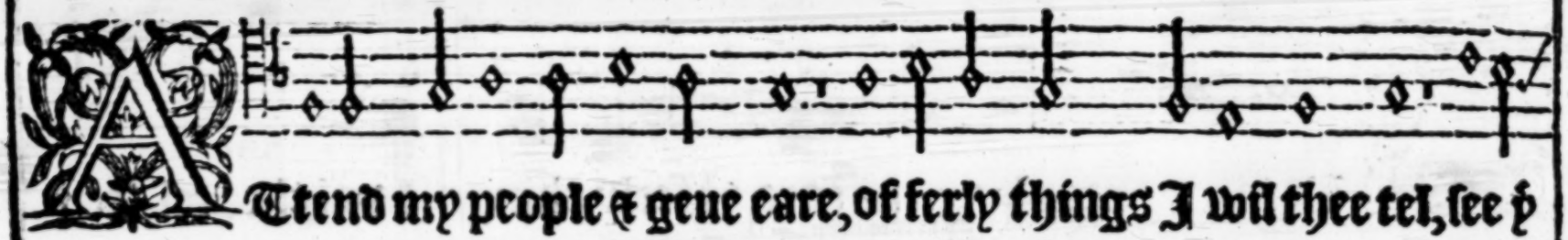
doth gather into one.

Prayſe

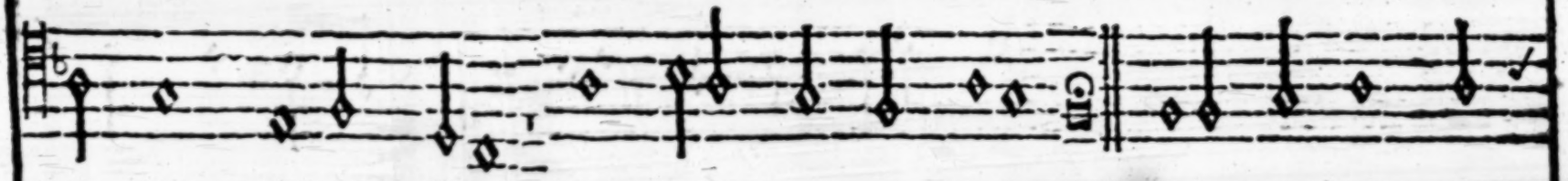
Rayse ye the lord for it is good, vnto our god to sing, for it is pleasaũt & to prayse, it is a comly thing, ỹ lord his own Jerusalẽ, he buildeth vp alone, & the disperst of Israel, doth gather into one.


Eue laud vnto ỹ lord, frō heauē that is so hie, praise
him in dede and word, aboue the starry sky, & also
ye, his angels all, armies royal, praise him with glee.

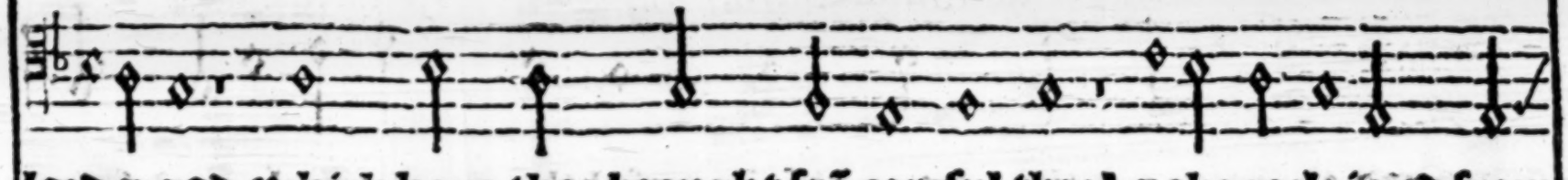

Attend my people & geue eare, of ferly things I wil thee tel, see ỹ
my words in mind ỹ bear, and to my precepts liſtẽ wel, I am thy ſoueraign
lord & god, which haue thee brought frõ careful thral, & eke reclaimed from
Pharos rod, make thee no gods on them to cal.



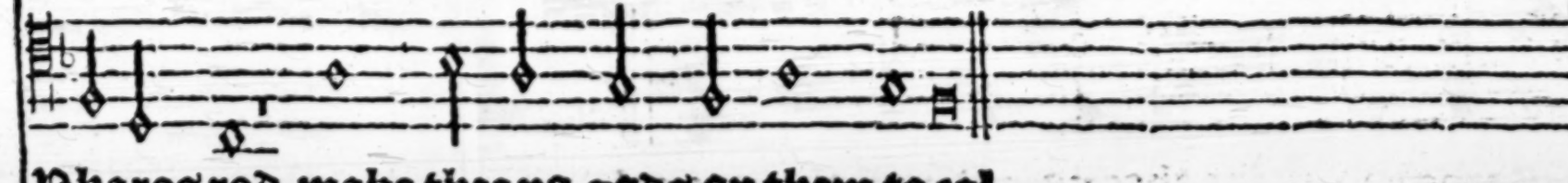
Attend my people & geue eare, of ferly things I wil thee tel, see ỹ



my words in mind ỹ bear, and to my precepts listẽ wel, I am thy soueraign

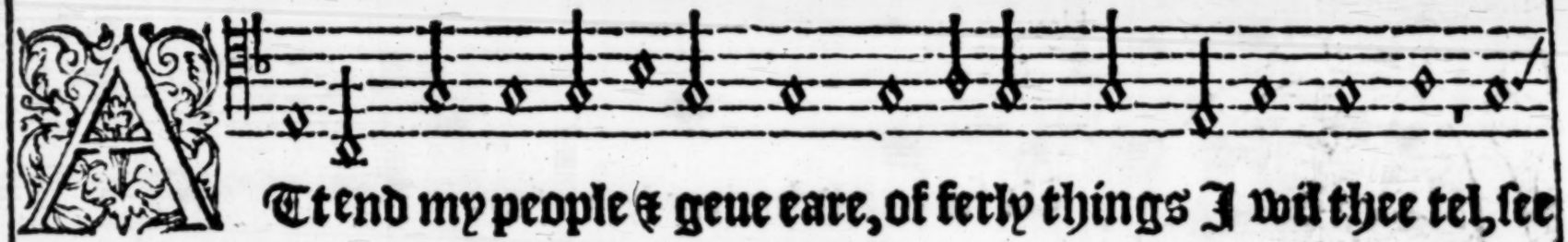


lord & god, which haue thee brought frõ careful thral, & eke reclaimed from

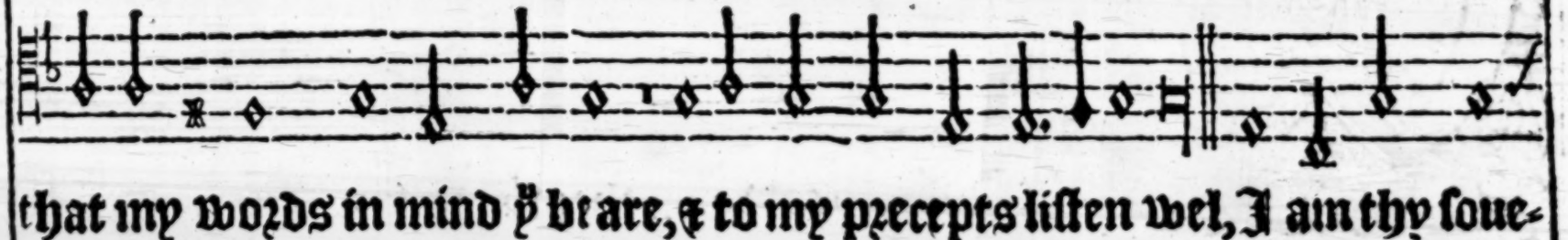


Pharos rod, make thee no gods on them to cal.

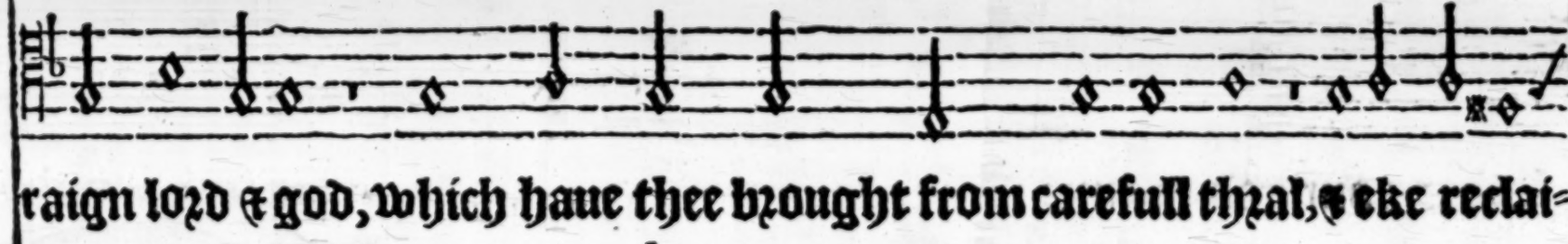
Attend



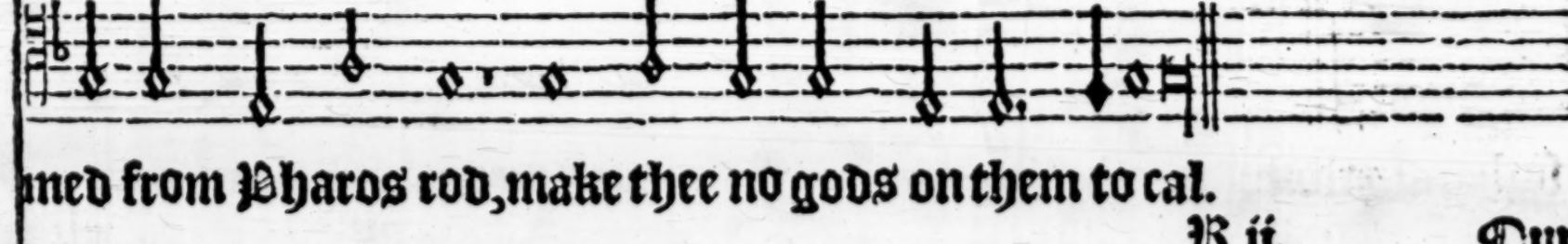
Attend my people & geue eare, of ferly things I wil thee tel, see



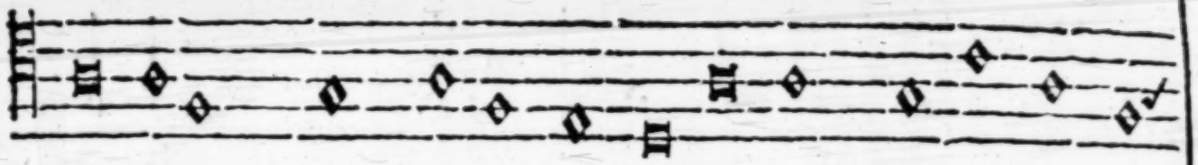
that my words in mind ỹ beare, & to my precepts listen wel, I am thy soue-



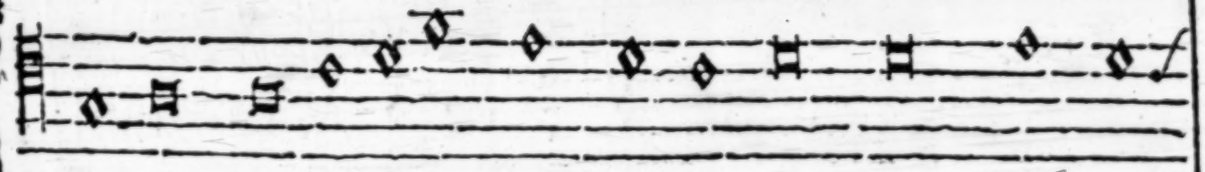
raign lord & god, which haue thee brought from carefull thral, & eke reclai-



med from Pharos rod, make thee no gods on them to cal.



Ur father which in heauē art, ⁊ makst vs al one bro



therhode, to cal vpon thee w̄ one hart, our heauenly

father ⁊ our god, graunt we pray not with lips alone, but w̄ the hart, depe

sighand grone.

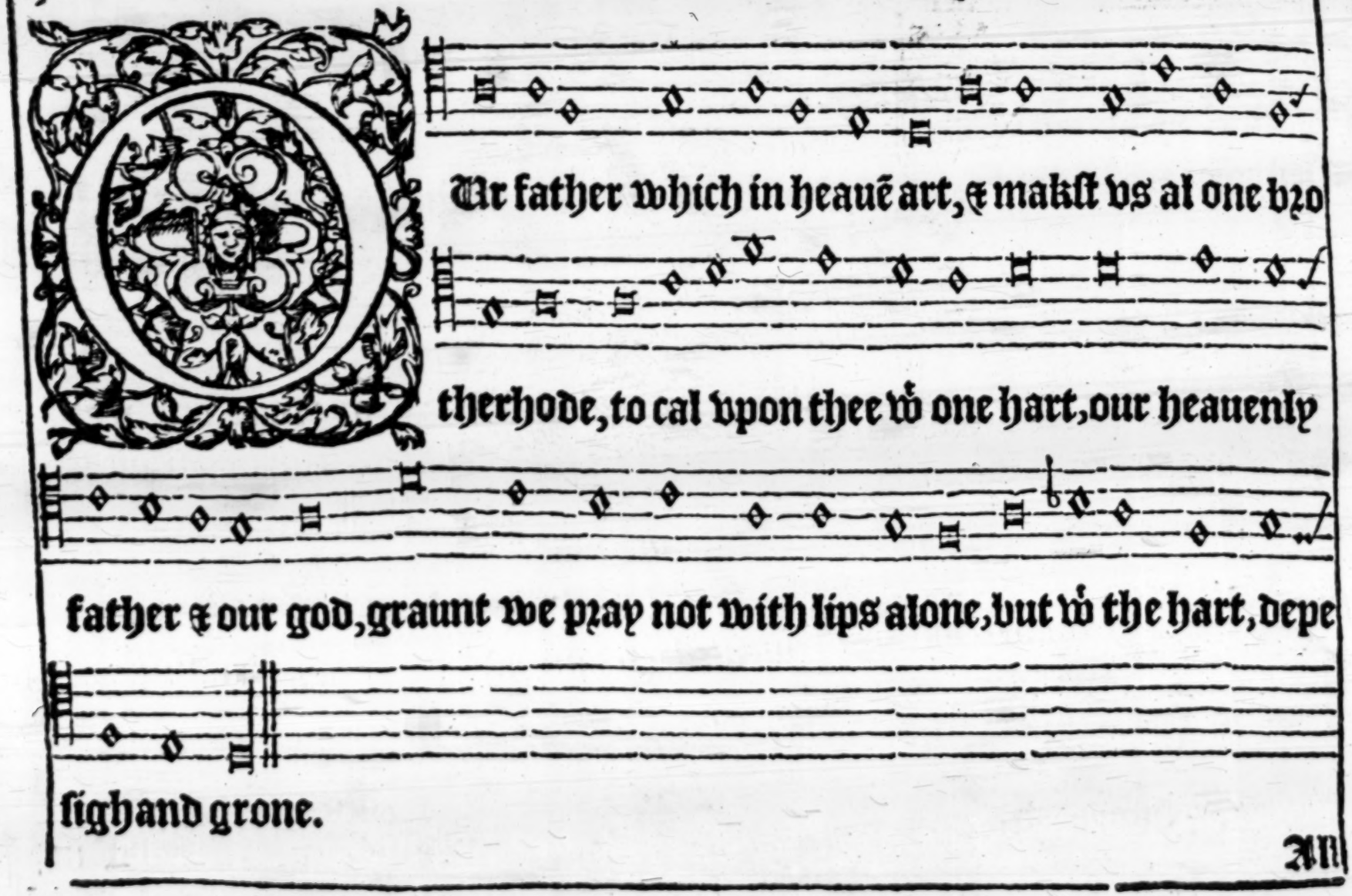
Our

Ur father which in heauē art, & makst vs all, one

brotherhode, to cal vpō thee w̄ one hart, our heauē-

ly father & our god, graūt we pray not with lips alone, but with the hart

depe sigh and grone.


Our father which in heauē art, & makst vs al one bro
therhode, to cal vpon thee w̄ one hart, our heauenly
father & our god, graunt we pray not with lips alone, but w̄ the hart, depe
sighand grone.

LL my belief & confidence, is in the lord of might, the father which al things haue made, the day and eke the night, the heauens & the firmament, & also many a ſtar, the erth and all that is therin, which paſſe mans reaſon far.

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The

The mighty god, the eternal hath thus ſpoke, & al the

world, he wil cal & prouoke, euẽ frõ ỳ eaſt, & ſofoꝛth

to ỳ weſt, frõ toward ſion, which place him liketh beſt, god wil appear, in

beauty moſt excellent, our god wil come, befoꝛe ỳ long tyme be ſpent.

All people ye on earth do dwel, ſing to the lord with chear

ful voice, him ſerue with feare his praiſe forth tel, come

ye before him & reioice, ye lord ye know is god in dede, wout our ayd, he did

vs make, we are his folk he doth vs fede, & for his ſhepe he doth vs take.

Geue

Eue peace in theſe our dais O lord, great daungers

are now at hād, thine enemies w̄ one accord, chriſts

name in euery lād, ſeke to deface, roote out, race, thy true right worſhip in

dede, be ÿ the ſtay, lord we thee pray, ÿ helpeſt alone in al nede.

Reserue vs lord, by thy deare word, frō Turke and

Pope defend vs lord, which both would thrust out

of his throne, our lord Jesus Christ thy deare sonne.

Reserue vs lord, by thy dear word, frō Turk

and Pope defēd vs lord, which both would

thrust out of his throne, our lord Jesus Christ, thy deare sonne.

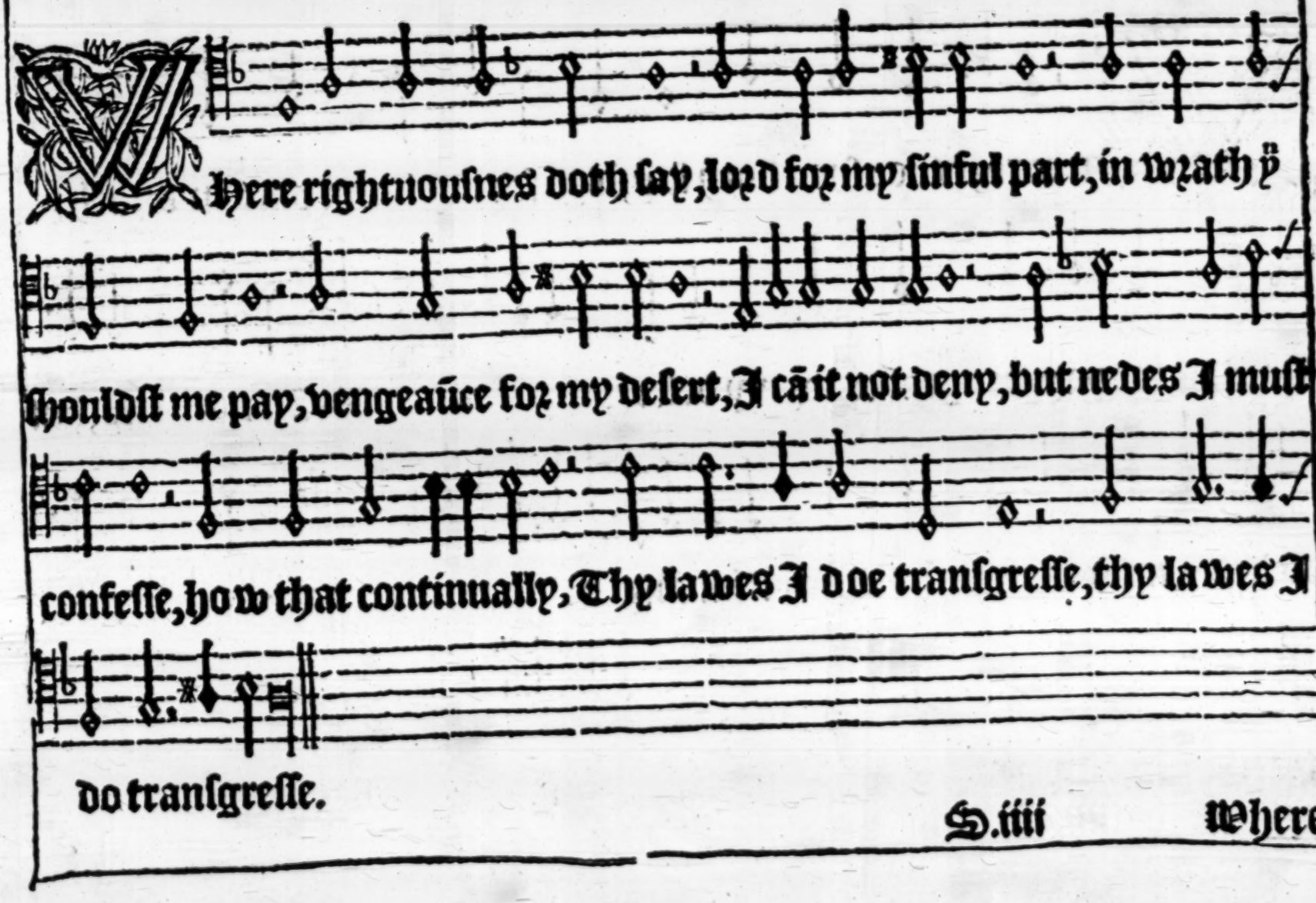
Where rightuouſnes doth ſay, lord for my ſinful part, in

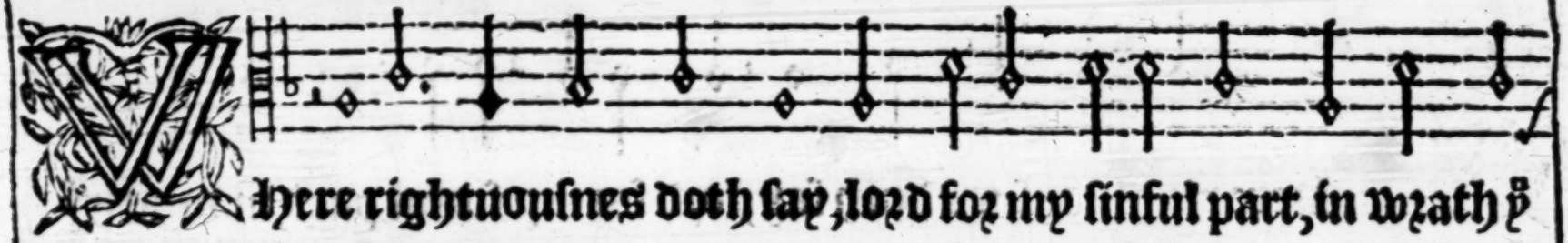
wrath thou ſhouldſt me paye vengeaunce for my deſert,

I can it not deny, but nedes I muſt confeſſe, how ỹ continually thy lawes

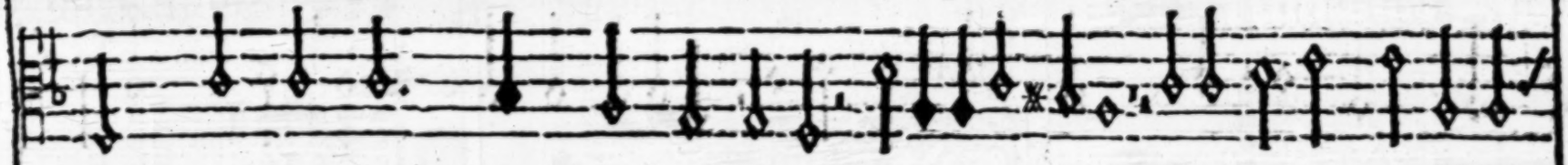
I do tranſgreſſe. ij.

Where

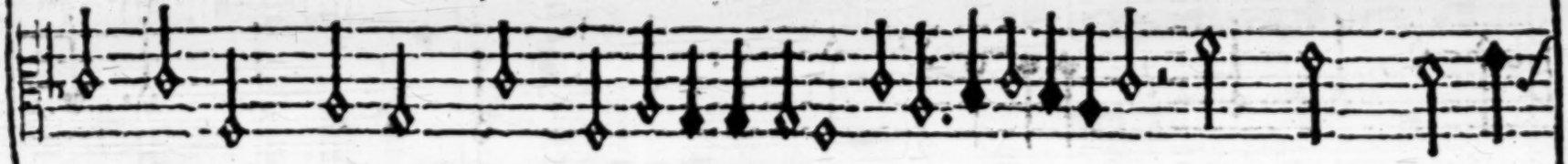

Where righteousnes doth say, lord for my sinful part, in wrath ÿ
shouldst me pay, vengeaũce for my desert, I cã it not deny, but nedes I must
confesse, how that continually, Thy lawes I doe transgresse, thy lawes I
do transgresse.



Where rightuoulnes doth say, lord for my sinful part, in wrath ỹ



shouldst me pay, vengeaũce for my desert, ij. I cã it not deny, but



nedes I must confesse, how ỹ continually, ij. Thy lawes I doe

transgresse, thy lawes I do transgresse. ij.

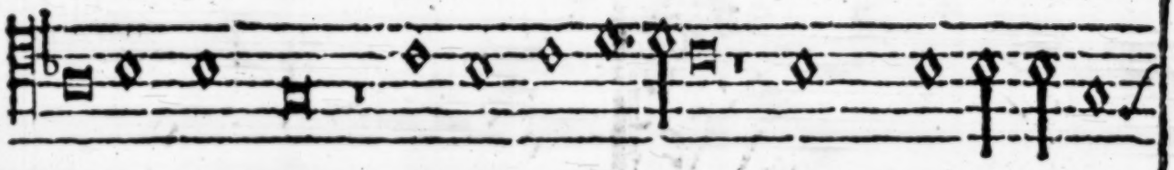
Lord in the is al my trust, geue eare vnto my wo

ful cry, refuse me not ỹ am vniust, but bowing dou

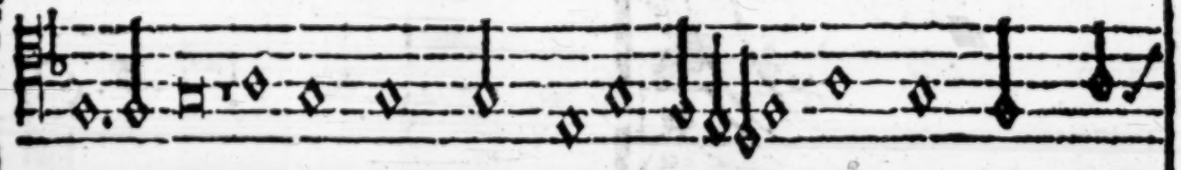
thy heauenly eie, behold how I do stil lament, my sins wherin I do offend

O lord for them shal I be shent, sigh thee to please I do intend.

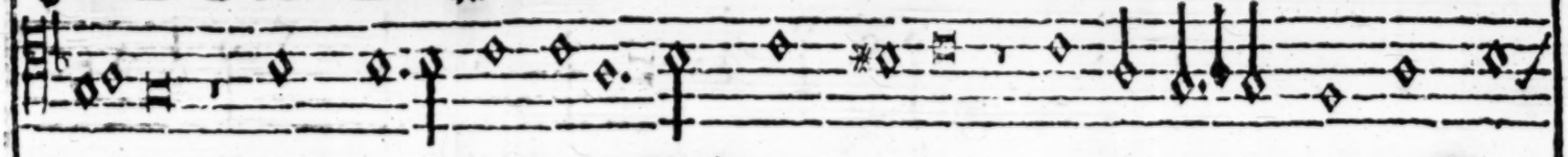
T.i. O



Lord of hostes, ỹ god of Israel, which sittest vpon

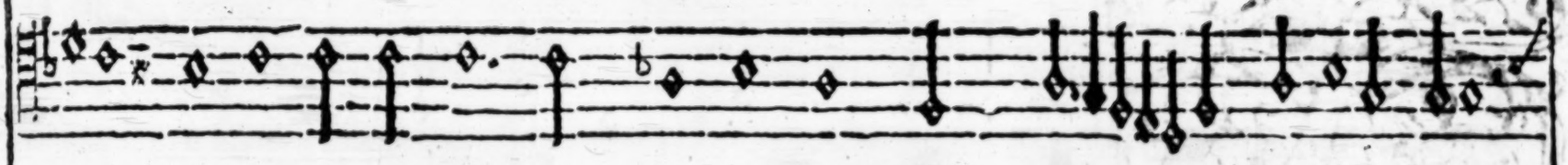


Cherubin, ỹ art the lord alone, of al the kingdos of

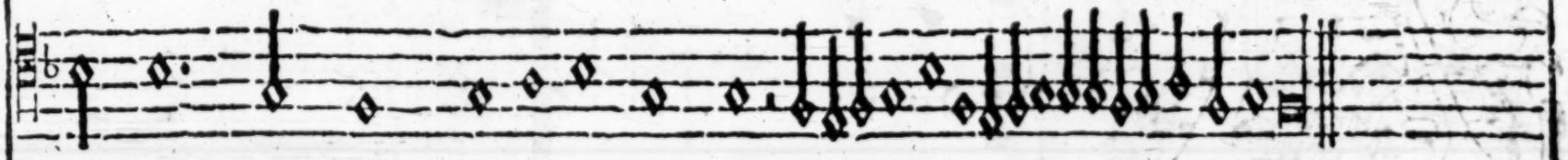


the world, thou only hast created heauen & earth, encline thine ear lord and

consider, open thine eies & see, deliuer vs from the hands of our aduersaries



to the intnt, al the kingdoms of the erth, may know ỳ thou only art ỳ lord



may know that thou only art the lord. Amen. Amen A men.

Almighty god whose kingdū is euerlasting, & power

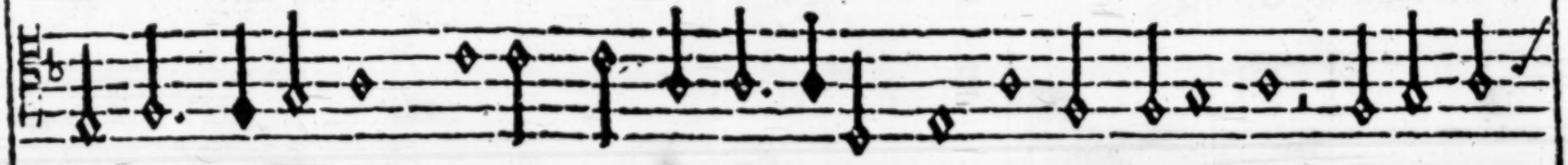
infinite, haue mercy vpō ỹ whole congregatiō, and

so rule the hart of thy chosen seruaunt, Elizabeth our Quene & gouernor,

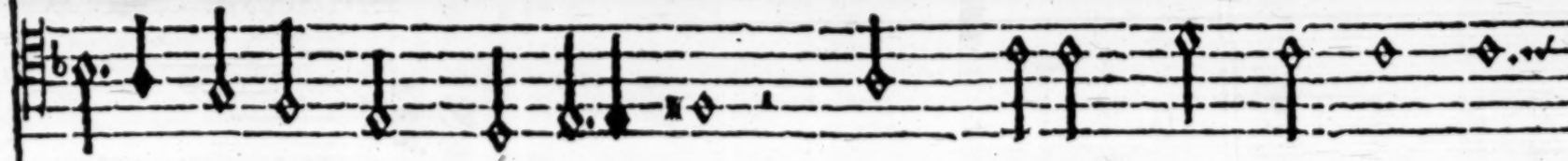
that she knowing whose minister she is, may aboue al thigs, seke thy honor

and

and glory, & that we her subiects, duly considering whose auctoritie she hath

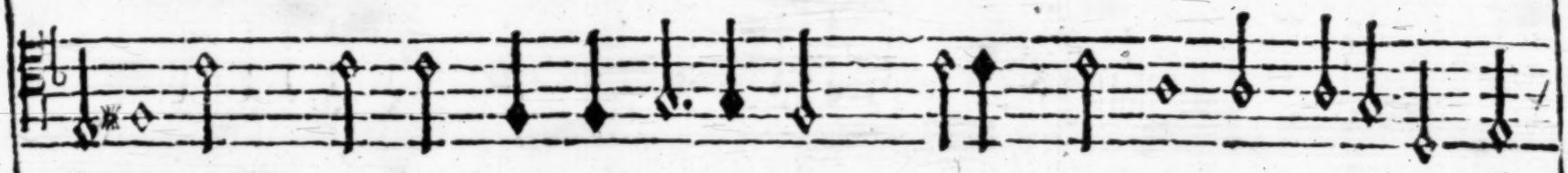


may faithfully serue, honor, & humbly obey her, in thee & for thee, according

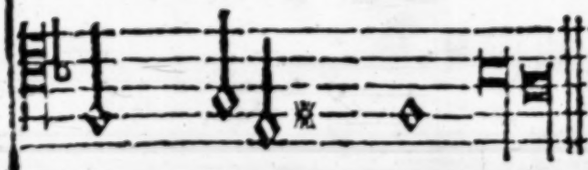


to thy blessed word and ordinaunce, through Jesus Christ our lord, who

with thee and the holy ghost, liueth and raigneth, euer one god, world with



out end, who with the and the holy ghoſt, liueth and raigneth euer one god



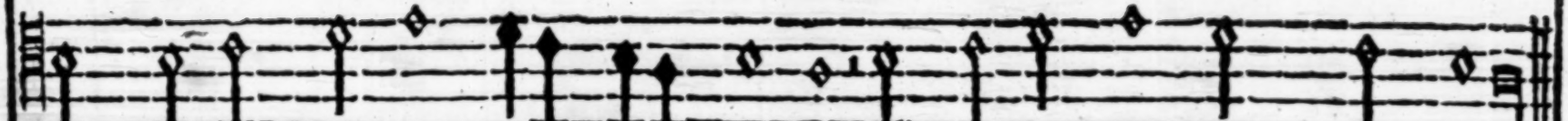
woꝛld without end Amen.

Moſt high & eternal king, thou helpeſt the lame

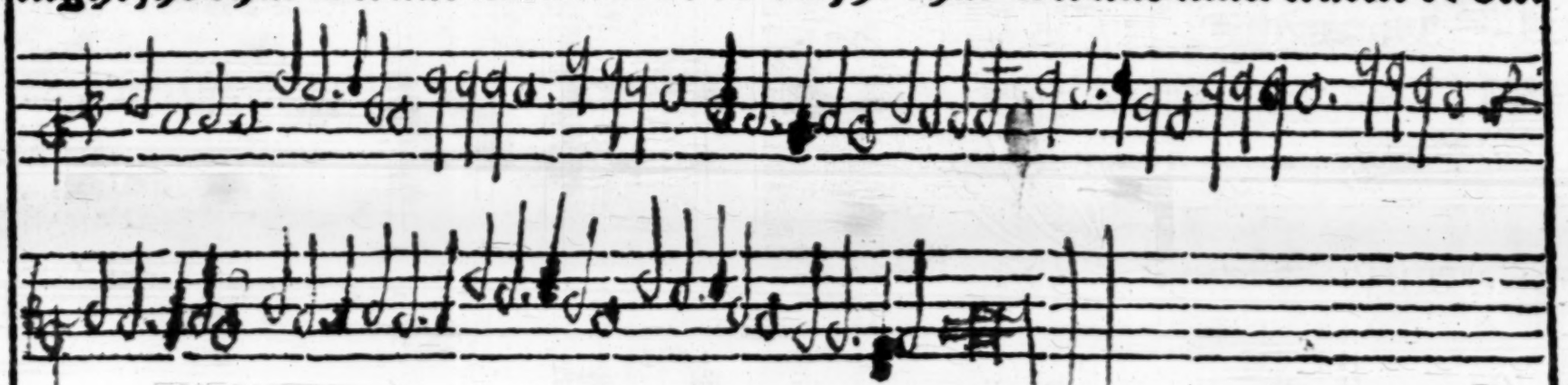
and blind to ſight, frō thee doth euery vertue ſpring

geuing the Sunne and Moone theyr light, helpe now to guyde my mynde

a right, this latter ſentence to applye, which came to me thys other



night, he that wil liue must learne to die, he that wil liue must learne to die.



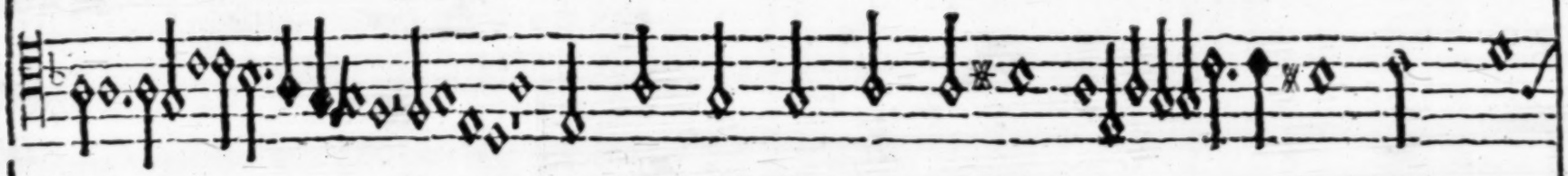
Remem=

Emẽber not O lord god, our old iniquities,

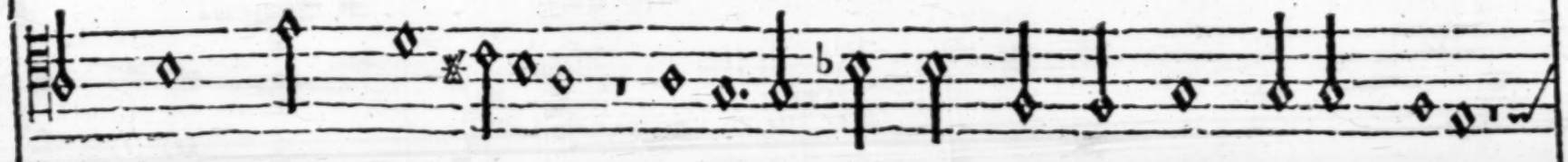
but let thy mercy spedely preuent vs, for we

be very miserable, ij. help vs god our sauior, & for the glory of

thy name deliuer vs, be merciful & forgeue vs our sins, for thy names sake,



ij. let not the wicked people say, ij. where is

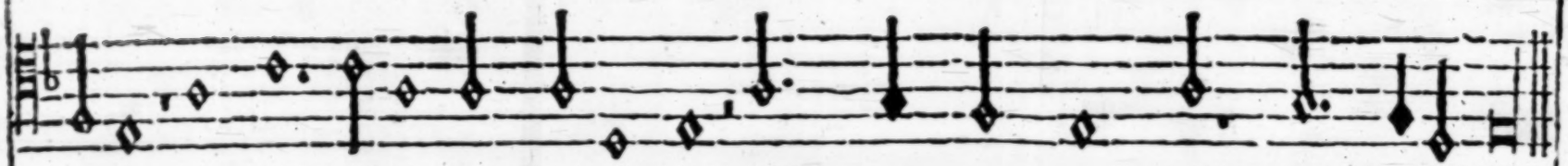


their god, where is their god, we be the people, and the shepe of his pasture,

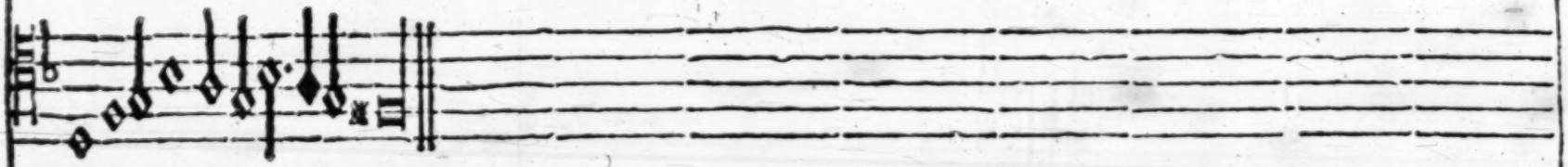
we shal geue thanks vnto thee for euer, ij. from age to age,

we shal set forth thy laud and praise, to thee be honour & glory, world with

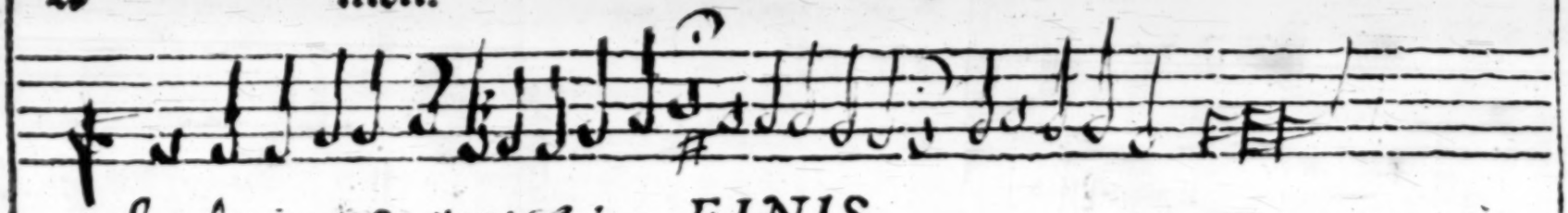
out



out end, to thee be honour & glory, world without end, world without end.



A men.



FINIS.

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